



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

224-36,58.9

Harvard College Library



BOUGHT FROM GIFTS
FOR THE PURCHASE OF ENGLISH
HISTORY AND LITERATURE

"SUBSCRIPTION OF 1916"

11

10-11

10-11

0

THE

Humours of Donegal

BY

JAMES MACMANUS ("MAC")

AUTHOR OF

"T'WAS IN DHROLL DONEGAL," "THE LEADIN' ROAD TO DONEGAL,"

"THE BEND OF THE ROAD," ETC.

LONDON
T. FISHER UNWIN
PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1898

22436.58.9

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

SEP 27 1917

SUBSCRIPTION OF 1916

APOLOGIA

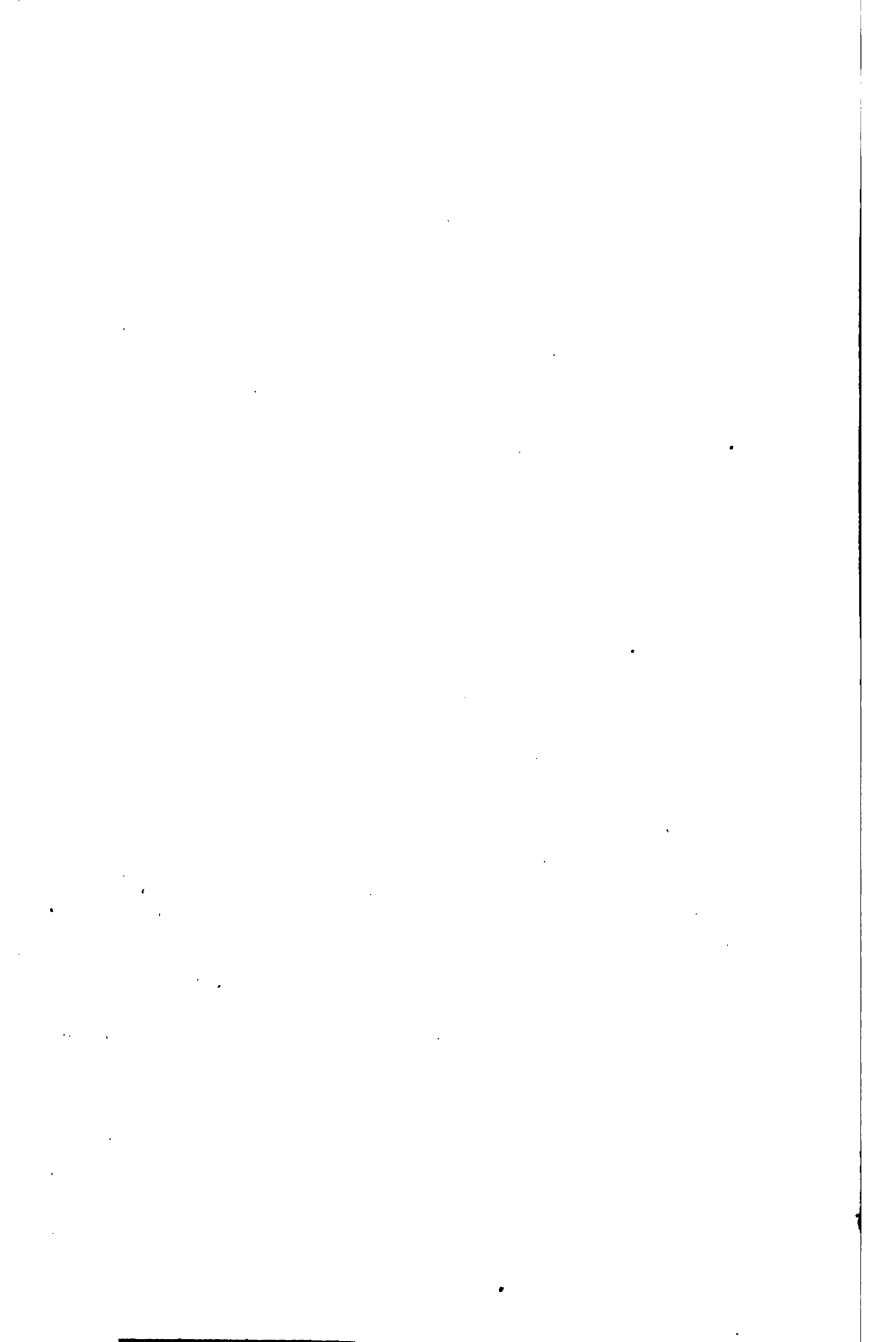
At the present moment when, with every muscle strained to snapping, the panting world is painfully intent on the hunt for happiness, I feel it is inopportune for a vagrant to set up his Merry-go-round by the way, and with amazing impudence invite it to halt for an hour's frivolity.

The wonderful progress of science in our age, I am informed, has discovered to our thinking ones that it is desirable to close up the well of merriment in men's bosoms and seal it with a double seal. The lovers of their kind have found it their duty to wander up and down the earth wailing, It is all barren ! and, if the voice of a merrimaker hardened in his sins be lifted in any corner thereof, to troop instantly thitherward, with a View halloo ! and run the interloper to earth.

However, in Donegal, civilisation wins but slowly, and the curse of optimism clings to our valleys with the pertinacity of the silver mists. With the proverbial perversity of our Irish nature, the well-spring of merriment (into which I have dipped a sorry pail, foolishly—you will say—imagining there may still be thirst in the outer world) gushes with us now as free and fresh as it did in darker days. He that considers even the shorn lamb has given the wayward Celtic soul the power of rising up, like Gulliver among the pigmies, and shaking to earth the little cares that would infest it.

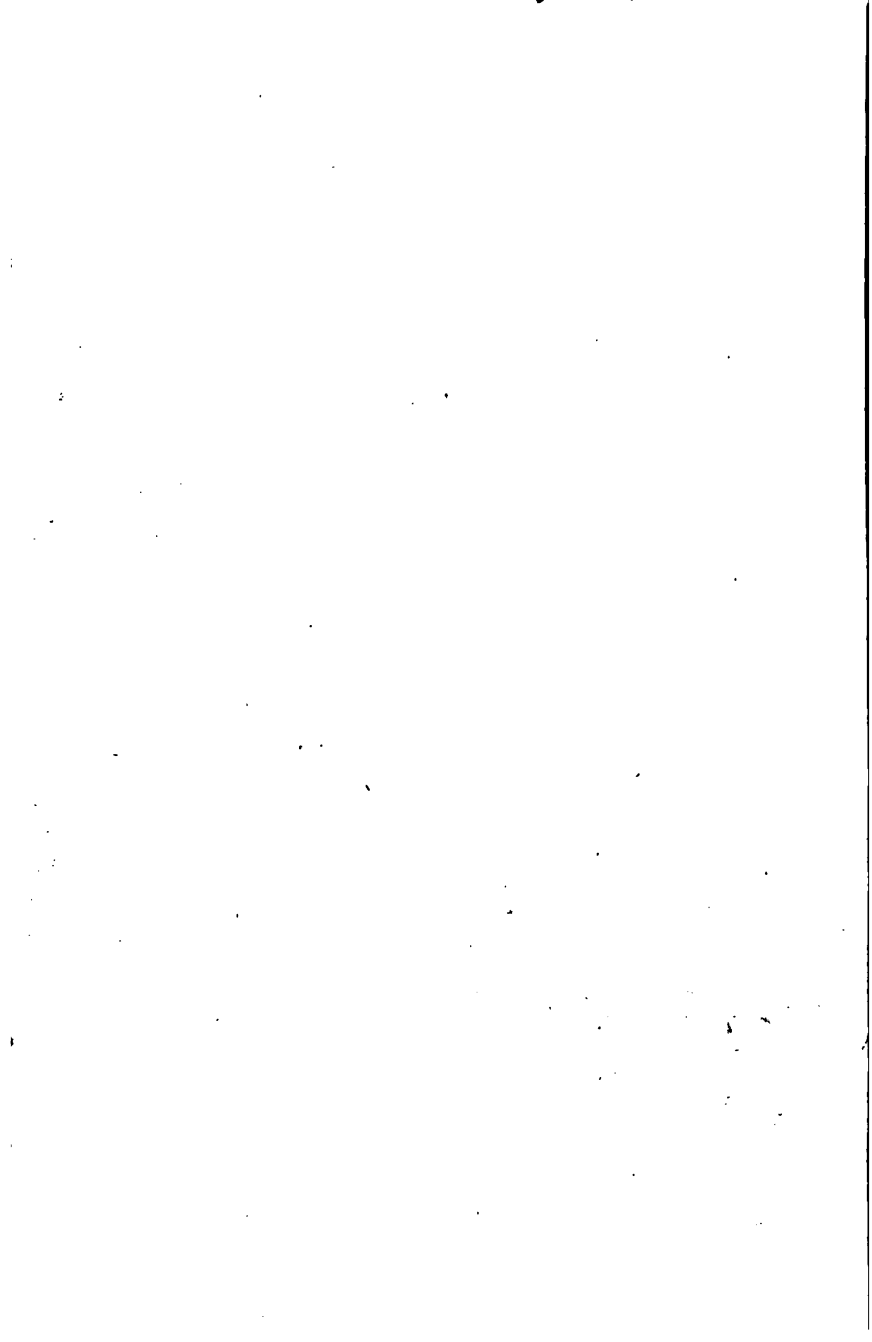
MAC.

Donegal, April, 1893.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
WHEN BARNEY'S THRUNK COMES HOME -	17
HOW PADDY M'GARRITY DID NOT GET TO BE GAUGER- - - -	40
TERRY M'GOWAN AND FATHER LUKE - -	57
SHAN MARTIN'S GHOST - - - -	76
ONE ST. PATHRICK'S DAY - - -	99
CORNEY HIGARTY'S INTERVIEW WITH THE DEVIL - - - -	131
WHY TÓMAS DUBH WALKED - - -	151



THE HUMOURS OF DONEGAL.

When Barney's Trunk Comes Home.

THROUGH the length and breadth of the three parishes, from Carron to Cruckathrowery, and from Cruckathrowery over to Knockavinsheeran, there wasn't such a lad again as Barney. He was the envy of the boys, the delight of the girls, the soul of a spree, and the fun of a fair ; he was the idol of the youngsther, and pointed a moral for the oldsther ; for, sure, no man nor his mother within the bounds of the barony ever beheld Barney Brian and a long face together in the one company. He was as merry as a mouse in a cornstack, but as roguish as a rat that grew grey in mischief and morodin'. The lark herself didn't sing sweeter, nor rise earlier, nor think less of the troubles of the morra. The hare hadn't a lighter foot scuddin' from the corn, the throstle of

Muryagh Wood a lighter heart, nor the *Bacach Beag*¹ a lighter purse. Barney wrought to any man in the parish—or the next to it—by day, and he attended every spree in the parish—or the next to it—by night. No wake missed Barney; no weddin' missed Barney; no berral missed Barney; no christenin' missed him. If there was a fair, Barney was the second man at it; if there was a raffle, Barney was the first; if there was a dance, Barney was there; if there was a scuffle, me brave Barney was everywhere. He owned as much clothes as was on his back, as much land as stuck to the soles of his brogues, and as much mother-wit as would dower a townland. As for the amount of thievery in his head, there's no tellin' of it. Och, it's Barney was the boy out an' out!

And then when the news passed that Barney Brian, the Lord bliss him! was bound for Amerikay, small wonder it made the young ones sad, and the wise ones glad. The boys said sorrowfully, "It's the Lord go with ye, Barney, *a mhic*,² for the fun goes with ye, too." The girls said, "Barney, Barney, a

¹ Little beggarman.

² Pronounced *avic* (son).

gradh, sure it's not off with yerself ye would go, and us never to get a glimpse of ye no more." And, though the old ones remarked, when they heard tell of his setting out, "A tail win' to ye, Barney Brian!" still there was a something glistening in their eye, that, if it wasn't a tear, was wonderfully like one.

No matter. Barney sailed away, and left aching hearts behind him in old Ireland. To the back parts of Amerikay he went, where his aunt, who paid his way out, lived. And it wasn't long, either, me brave Barney was there till there commenced to come thunderin' fine reports from him. Barney never had the poor mouth, anyhow; still, there must have been something in it, or he wouldn't have made such a blow out of nothing. He said the goold was for the picking up out there; that if ould Parra *Mor*, the miserd that saved up the thirty-five guineas in the ould stockin' he used to keep up the chimbley, was out there, his teeth would water. As for himself, he was paid like a prence for doin' sorra a ha'porth under the sun but marching around like a drum-major, from cock-crow to candle-light, with his hands in his pockets, and a clean collar every day of the week, giving plenty of good hard abuse to a gang of navvy-

men that was putting the bone through the skin trying to please him. He said himself and the President of Amerikay (who lived next door but one to him) was as pack as pick-pockets, and that the President wished to be remembered to John Keown (the tailor at home, who read the papers), which put the same John so far past himself that, going to the chapel on Sunday, he wore his castor-hat to the one side, and only noticed the neighbours with a nod ; but he gave Father Dan the bow of a Lord Mayor's dancing master. The next word come from Barney, two ladies were paying him, he said, for the privilege of driving him through the streets and parks in a carriage that the two townlands of Thrummin Upper and Thrummin Lower couldn't buy the goold paint for it alone. And they dressed him in a castor-hat, and goold buttons, and white trousers. Finally, the glad news came from him that he was settled for life as a timber merchant, and that he had for customers some of the biggest and greatest men in Amerikay : and all the parish was delighted. True it is, Long Andy's ouldest son, John, of the Moor, wrote home that as reports went he didn't believe Barney Brian was coming the speed he might in the States, for that

the same raking, roving, rambling spirit that made him in Ireland, marred him there ; that he was up to his neck in hot water since he came out—no sooner in a job than he was out of it ; that from being a gaffer at first, he was promoted down to a footman, and so on, from bad to worse, till, at the present time, (so Long Andy's ouldest son, John, of the Moor, said) he was peddlin' matches on the streets. But, good luck to ye ! Long Andy's ouldest son, John, of the Moor, wasn't going to make the neighbours believe this of such a genius as Barney Brian ; the priest of the parish with the bishop at his back couldn't do that. Small fear ! Long Andy's ouldest son, John, of the Moor, might better have saved his wind to cool his stirabout, and got a deal more thanks, and far more respect, for his pains.

It was a brisk evening in the beginning of the winter — Hughey *Ban*, Pat Haig's son, who had been in Amerikay for five months, the summer was a twelvemonth afore, called it "The Fall,"—when lo and behold ye, all Cruckagar was set a-goin' with the news that Newcome John, the carman, said no less a mortal nor Barney Brian himself was come home from Amerikay, that he was then on his way

to the Bocht, and must arrive inside an hour's time. And if that wasn't the sight! The very cripples from the rheumatiz, that didn't make a bigger journey for the past twelvemonth than from their bed to the *siosstog* in the corner, and from the *siosstog* in the corner back to their bed again, got up and ran out to welcome Barney Brian back to ould Ireland once more; and the ould ones with the *givin'* sight, that couldn't hardly find the way to their mouths, come rubbin' their eyes to have a good look at him; and the very corpses—or they were as good as corpses—on the sick beds, called for a grip of Barney's hand, and a mouthful of whisky in honour of the occasion. A dance, and a real good, right royal, rollicking spree there was in Tim Lenihan's barn, to celebrate the home-coming of Barney the Rover. And it was fresh, indeed, he looked, with the smallest little taste of the Yankee in his look and in his talk. And trim and neat was he, as dandy as the gentleman he was cut out to be. Only, he had no American thrunk; just a little handbag—a portmantle, he called it: for his thrunk, it would seem, went astray somehow (as ill-luck would have it), coming off the boat, and had gone up the Tyrone side. He passed the remark

that, not being as light as Micky John Oonah's big Amerikay box, the time it fell open by mistake, when the boys were carrying it home, and showed just two dirty collars and a red handkerchief lying in the bottom, he couldn't look after it as he'd wish, and had to hand it over to the care of a cartman that sent it on the wrong track ; so he'd have to wait on it a couple of days or three before he'd get it.

Now Barney had neither chick, child, kith, kin, or relation, nor a handful of thatch he could call his own. But it was he was the lad knew how to invite himself where he wanted, and without trouble make himself at home. Into Shan Mháire's, of the Black Bog—brother-in-law to Hudy Pat Hude, and father to young Mickey Shan Mháire ; a warm house, in troth—he walked, on the second day of his arrival. And you may say it was they was the glad people to see Barney. It was :—

“God save all here, and how are ye, Shan Mháire? And Sighle, good woman, how do ye stand it yerself? And how are all the childre? God bliss them all—and all of us this day!” says Barney.

And “*Ceud míle fáilte romhat, a Bhairnie!* the blessin' of God about ye! an' is it yerself's in it at all,

at all? An' it's from the bottom of me heart I'm glad to see ye. Is it fall from the skies ye did? Man-a-man, how are ye, anyhow? An' but this is the glad day for me," said Shan.

And "The Lord be good to us all, an' save us from misfortunes! sure it's not Barney Brian we have in it? Orrah, Barney, *a leanbh*, but it's welcome ye are, an' my seven thousand blessin's be on ye! How is every bone in yer body? Barney, Barney, Barney, *a gradh*! ye're welcome back to ould Ireland, an' that ye may have the good luck with ye, but it's meself's glad to see ye!" said Sighle.

And "Barney, *a chara*, dhraw yerself up to the fire, an' take this sait, for in troth ye're as welcome as the flowers of May. You, Jaimie, *a mhic*, an' the rest of you childre, dhraw in yer bare shins, an' sit round an' make room for Barney, the sowl, till he sees a gleed o' the fire, for the craithur must be starved. Run away with ye now, Jaimie, an' play yerselves, or slip over to Rosie Mughan's an' get the *Bacach Fad* to put queskins an' guesses on yez. Now, Barney, *mo chuisle*, sate yerself down, an' give us some of the wonders while I fill the pipe for ye," said Shan.

"Thanky, thanky, Shan," Barney said; "an' me

heart's thanks to yer good woman, Sighle, likewise, for yer naybourly welcome ; for in troth it's kind, an' the crame of kindness both of yez is, and always was known to be. It's often an' often, when I was among the black sthrangers, an' gettin' the cowl shoulder an' the blue look sthranger gives sthranger in thon country over thonder—it's often an' often then I thought of Shan Mháire an' his good wife Sighle, an' the sort of welcome ye got, whether friend or sthranger, from them, if ye ever chanced to cross the Black Bog ; an' I'd say to meself, 'God be with ye, Shan Mháire, and yer good wife, Sighle, that ever had the warm word, the hearty welcome, an' the sate in the chimley corner for them come across ye.' Troth, it's many's the time I said it."

And Sighle said, "Kind father to ye, Barney ; but it's grateful we are for yer respects ; but meself an' Shan never did much to deserve it. More shame for us, if we wouldn't be always glad to see a naybour, or a naybour's chile ; an' a kind word an' a sate in the corner didn't cost us much. When a fren' come to see us, it was we was under the compliment. An' as for the sthranger, sure we'd be doing no more nor the black savage himself would do in offerin' welcome

an' a shelther. When God blesses us with the bit an' the sup (an' it's thankful to Him we are for that same, day an' night), an' the roof over our heads, He'll surely do no worse by us, nor think no less of us, for knowin' the sthranger an' the wandherer—they're as much His friends as them lives in a castle—maybe more."

And, "Thrue for ye," Shan said.

And, "Thrue for ye, thanks be to Him!" Barney Brian said.

"But it's home again from Amerikay ye are," Sighle said, "an' tell me now, did ye, in yer thravels, see or hear tell of our wee Mickey (may the good Lord watch over him, wherever he is)? He is in a place called Illinoy."

"Well, in troth an' I did see wee Mickey, Sighle, an' spent a day an' a night with him—an' be the same token as good a day an' a night as I had from I left Ireland till I planted my toes in it again—a day an' a night with Mickey on my way here—for I called around through Illinoy just specially an' particularly to see him. An' bravely he looks; as clane stepped out a young man, as daicent and as ginteel, as any other I met out of Ireland. A credit I

call Mickey to the father an' mother reared him—an' you'd say the same yerself if ye saw him. But Sighle, good luck to ye, he has sent ye home, with meself, the present of the makin' of as purty a dhress as ever went to the Collamore Chapel—a beauty it is, an' fit for any lady in the lan'."

"What!" said Sighle; and "What!" said Shan.

"God be good to him, it's Mickey's the *gasa* wouldn't forget or neglect his poor owl' mother."

"And God be good to him over again," Shan said.

"A purty dhress?" Sighle said.

"Oh, a rale delight, ma'am," Barney said. "The sight of it will be betther nor three years to yer life."

"I'm feelin' young when I think of it, Barney, *a gradh*."

"What will ye feel when ye see it then?" Barney said.

"Aye, an', what will she feel when she wears it?" Shan said, with a sparkling eye, and a shake of the head that showed a deal of satisfaction.

"Hurrah, for ye Mickey!" Sighle said, jumping

to the middle of the floor, and cutting a double-shuffle, and a couple of clever swings around, that she didn't try since her coortin' days afore.

"My jewel are ye, Sighle!" the admiring Shan said. "I knew it was in ye! Ye're young yet."

"Faix," the knowing Barney said, "I know many a consaited bit of a *gisach*, on the look out to catch a man, would give half of her fortune to be able to do that double-shuffle an' the swings round, with the same graceliness an' aise that Sighle's afther doin' it there. Afther this, any one in my presençe that refers to Sighle as an owl' woman, I'll have the pleasure of callin' them a liar."

"Hooh!" said Sighle, going through another figure; "I'm as young as I was eight-an'-thirty years ago. Shan, a *thaisge*, do ye mind the night long ago in Padh's of the back of the Hill, that they had the fiddler from the Three-mile-wather—Devenny was his name—that we danced *down* the house, an' the Three-mile-wather man had to let the bow dhróp out of his fingers with the pure fatigue, an' confess that in all *his* career he never did see such a piece of dancin', and that we were the first pair of dancers ever made him give in. Shan, a *gradh*, I dar'say

you didn't keep the reck'nin', but it's eight-an'-thirty years ago this night, the second Wen'sday after Hallow Eve, an' it's just awhile ago I was thinkin' of it, an' runnin' it over in me own mind, afore Barney there come in. An' Shan, a *chuisle*, we're as young as ever ! Jump out on to the floor here till ye see—an' you, Barney, if Amerikay hasn't lost it to ye, you can whistle us a reel that a fiddler in the parish couldn't bate."

And, no sooner said than done. Up jumped Shan with the heart of nineteen under an ould man's coat ; an' to it, like a pair of youngsters on the edge of their welt, went Shan and Sighle, while Barney blew on a penny tin whistle he hauled out of his pocket, an' struck them up "The Hare in the Corn," in a fashion that showed Amerikay didn't damage his windpipe. Heel an' toe, toe an' heel, swing about, hands across and change places, sidey and sidey, back and forrid, up and down, went the owl pair on the floor, with their heads thrown back and their cheeks red, their chins nearly meeting one minute and darting away far asunder the next—why, the very fire on the h'arth caught the dancing like a disaise, an' went leaping up and down keeping time to the

stepping : and their big shadows, up the walls and spreading over the roof, went bobbing and bobbing, keeping time to all. Barney himself was as surprised as they ; he caught it, too, and harder and faster he went at the tin whistle—and there wasn't much music in the body of it the same boy couldn't take out—but they were as able as him, an' didn't miss a note, for, by the Cure of Loch Beag, they were in their coortin' days once more—the Three-mile-wather man playing for them in Padh's of the back of the Hill, and they trying to outdo the fiddler ; and it was hard an' harder it was getting every minute ; for as sure as you're there Barney found himself the Three-mile wather man, and for life and death the honour of the character he wanted to maintain ; and he wouldn't give in ; no more would they—though sore it was putting on them ; and altogether it's hard to tell where or how it would all end if the *Bacach Fad* hadn't come walking in of the door to them when the play was at its height ; and speechless he stood the minute he entered, wondering what in the name of all that was wonderful had come over Shan Mháire and his good woman Sighle that had set them off this way ; and to crown it all, Barney Brian, the come

home Yankee, nearly as big a fool as them, sitting in the corner with the two cheeks gone off himself puffing at the tin whistle. And if the *Bacach Fad* was speechless, maybe me brave Shan and Sighle wasn't ten times more so, and upon my socks they stopped the bouncing on the floor soon and sudden anyhow. For the *Bacach Fad* was the pattrern of the parish, the first to Mass on Sunday, the nearest the priest while it was going on, and the last away from it, as well as the greatest and loudest crier during the sarmon. No one ever thought of disputing his right (next to Father Dan) to look after the morals of the people, young and old, and sure enough there was nothing he went sorer again' than dancing. And then for Sighle and Shan, the pair of them with one foot in the grave and the other hardly out of it, to be caught by him hopping and bouncing like a pair of foolish frogs below in the Mearn of a spring morning—you know it was small wonder the blush came into Sighle's withered cheek, and Shan slunk away into a seat in the shadow!

And "Ha, ha, ha!" says Sighle, forcing a laugh, "it's no wondher that you look at us. Owl' fools they say is always the worst of fools. But, ye know,

it was the news Barney here—the blessin' of God be about him an' his—fetched us, that put us thinkin' of owl' times when we were young an' light-hearted, an' knew little an' thought less of the throubles of the wurrl, till we thought we were young again, an' got out on the floor to see was our bones as young as our hearts. God be with them times !”

True enough, the *Bacach Fad* didn't say much, but it was easy seen he might be better pleased.

He only said, “Ay, just so, just so ! Comin' to the house, I was makin' a wee wager to meself that I'd find Sighle and Shan—an ould couple on the varge of Kingdom-come—makin' their sowls. I dar'say it would be uncommon pleasant if we could dance our way intil the Kingdom of Heaven, but I've read a dale of the Scripthirs an' I must say that I never met the resipay.”

And Sighle, good woman, was cut to the bone. Small wonder !

Shan didn't show his face out of the shadow for the remainder of that night.

But moryah ! the *Bacach Fad* was soon pacified. For Barney he told him that he bought, specially for himself, on the quay of Amerikay, as he was about

to leave, the purtiest rosary ever he left his two eyes on ; it was a quarther-stone weight if it was an ounce, and every individual baid on it was the size of a chicken's egg. This was the more particulary pleasing to the *Bacach Fad* because, on last Sunday, the *Bacach Beag* (a pious craithur who gathered *his share* likewise) had come to the chapel with a string of beads that put his—the largest in the parish before that—into the shade, and made him pray with more bitterness than usual. When he thought of the vengeance he'd now wreak on the *Bacach Beag*, praying his loudest and most tempting at him across the altar with Barney's big baid's dangling before his eyes, he got into great good humour, and poor Sighle's reputation was saved.

Of course, all were sorry to find that Barney's thrunk had gone by mistake up the Tyrone way, and didn't yet come to hand, but even the prospective pleasure was keen.

Sighle invited Barney, to be sure, to make himself at home in her house, such as it was, for the next few days—and she couldn't do less.

But Barney had too much decency in him to

impose on her, especially when he had a wide field and plenty of game before him.

On the next night he stepped over to Taig a-Gallagher's, intending — for Taig was well-to-do, and a bit near-going—to stop a good part of a week there. So,

“Taig,” says he, “ye’ll have to excuse me for the delay in lettin’ those little presents reach ye.”

“What — which — what presents?” Taig asked, naturally a bit surprised.

“Oh, why, didn’t I not tell ye, Taig? Why, I surely thought I sent ye word, the first thing afther I comed home—or if I didn’t it was me own fault, for I know I had it on me mind to do so—send ye word that I had pulled up at Texas—on my way coming from Washington—to see your son John—daicent, clever boy he is, an’ a credit to his country no less than to his people, and so his landlady toul’ me—to see your son John, an’ he sent several little articles of some value to yerself and the weans—daicent, handsome presents they are too, like the man sent them. They’re in my thrunk,—an’ bad snuff to the porthers, and good corns to their toes every day ever they wheel a hand-cart!—Wan of them sent my thrunk

asthray up the Tyrone way, an' I'm expectin' it every day. The day afore I left him, too, John got appointed Undher Sharriff of Texas, with a salary of a pound a day an' foun'."

Now, Taig was the man to look at the two sides of a ha'penny before parting it; but, there and then, Barney got the hearty invite to call the house his own for a week; and he took it without debate. And, furthermore, as it turned out he was suffering from a disease on the lungs for which the doctors had ordered him his fill and plenty of chicken broth (so Barney himself said), Taig's stock of chickens was remarkably smaller when Barney's week with them was done.

Micky John Hude came in for attention from Barney next—for, strange to say, the thrunk had not yet arrived, though Barney was daily expecting it. Micky had his ouldest son, Donal, in a broker's office in Quebec.

"It's very sthrange," Barney remarked when greetings were over and he had seated himself at Micky's big blazing fire, resolving within himself to hold the seat for the next few days, "it's very sthrange entirely, Micky, that Paddy Thrower's little *gasa*, Jimmy,

didn't carry ye the word that I b'leeve to the best of my belief I sent with him the very night I landed—that I had called at Quaybec to see Donal, and that he sent a lovely shawl with me to his mother—the Lord give her health to wear it!—an' some other little things. I have got them safe in my thrunk, but the thrunk, I suppose ye heerd, went asthray up the Tyrone side—sweet bad luck to them put it asthray—and I don't expect it sooner nor Wen'sday."

"And Barney, *a stor*, what sort's the shawl?" Sally asked.

"Oh, a purty one, ma'am; the like of it wasn't seen in these parts, I'll venture to say anyhow, since Methusalem's cat cut its eye teeth, nor won't be seen again for some time to come. I b'leeve it's silk, or something of that sort, with a whole lot of different colours in it, every different way you look at it; but myself can't rightly say, for I'm not well posted in them things."

"Well, God be good to poor Donal, it's himself wouldn't forget me. I'll warrant now, Barney, that same shawl 'ill wear me well!"

"Well, I only wish, Sally, that ye may niver die till ye wear it out, and if ye don't, a blackenin' box 'ill

then make a coffin for ye, if it's taken in at the sides."

"An' does Donal think of marryin' now at all, at all?" little Shusie asked.

"Well, meself doesn't well know. If ye'd b'leeve himself he'll not marry till he comes home to Ireland to get the wife. But if I'd b'leeve me own senses when I saw him gallivantin' about with the Lord Mayor of Quaybec's daughter at the Quaybec harvest fair, I'd be afther expectin' that if there's e'er a poor Irish girl silly enough to be keeping a warm spot in her heart for Donal, she'll cry over it some day."

Micky John Hude's was a home for Barney for four days, and a warm home.

Still, the thrunk hadn't come, although he was mysteriously getting daily intelligence of it, and there was great furore all over the countryside about it. The fact was that the crops, and the weather, and the political outlook were all completely forgotten at the Cruckagar forge, and in Micky Thomas's the shoemaker's, and at Crooked Neil, the tailor's, now the subject of Barney's lost thrunk was started. The debate on the subject waxed as warm as ever a debate on politics did. And there were many, very many,

shrewd conjectures as to its probable whereabouts, and wise suggestions as to the best means of capturing it soon, and fetching it home quickly.

Barney lived several months anyhow on the reputation of that thrunk. By that time he had laid a great part of the countryside under tribute, and left few districts undone. Putting two and two together, it would appear that Barney had seen in Amerikay every man, woman, and child that ever left that part of Donegal, and crossed the ocean ; and moreover, that he had been entrusted with presents from every mother's soul of them. He had called on naybour's childre alike in New York and San Francisco, Manitoba and Atlantic City, Montana and the borders of Mexico, and he must have had a thrunk the size of a barn to carry all the presents sent with him to the owl' ones at home.

It's now forty-five years, and some odd months into the bargain, since the great day on which Barney came home from Amerikay. His thrunk is still up the Tyrone way, and still expected, and it cannot come too soon or too sudden : as Barney promised our mothers and fathers, they, in their turn, have been as liberal with us, so that at the present time within

the broad bounds of the Barony of Banagh there isn't,
I suppose, man, woman, chick, or chile that isn't
in the expectation of big things on that great day
BARNEY'S THRUNK COMES HOME!

How Paddy M'Garrity did not get to be Gauger.

I.

ALL day long, from Terry Melly's rooster crew—and Terry's was always the first to waken the echoes and the citizens—Cloghnasparra Street had been a scene of broil and turmoil, din and uproar, shout rising over shout, and blackthorn above blackthorn. From end to wynd of the town the defiant cries had been incessantly ringing, "The Honourable Dick Noodlum for ivir!" and reply: "The Honourable Dick Noodlum be — something impolite; and then, "Hurrah for Misther M'Crossan an' Ireland!" "Hurrah for the divil—an' his grandfather!" "The Honourable Dick an' free dhrink!" "M'Crossan an' the poor man's rights!" "Down with all upsharts an' beggars!" "Down with big-heads-an'-little-wits!" "To the divil with miserds!" "To

the divil with numskulls!" "Hurrah! hurrah!"
"Hip! hip! hip! hurrah!"

For in those days Cloghnasparra was a borough, and had been the inalienable heritage of the Noodlum family. The Honourable Dick's father had sat for it, and the Honourable Dick's grandfather, and eke the Honourable Dick's great-grandfather. Half-a-dozen of the Noodlum line had successively gone to Parliament to represent this ancient borough, and to place the Free and Independents of Cloghnasparra under an undying obligation by shutting their eyes and opening their mouths.

No wonder, then, the Noodlums and Noodlumites were in a flutter when a handful of godless malcontents had had the amazing audacity to attempt running against the Honourable Dick the vile upstart, M'Crossan—a common beggarly tradesman, who had scraped together a few thousands by, actually, shopkeeping.

But the Cloghnasparrians had become demoralised. As the day advanced, and it was seen that M'Crossan, who didn't bestow as much drink as would smother an adult midge, was bringing up to the poll fully as many voters as the Honourable Dick, who had

bought up every gallon of whisky in the town, and employed Long Luke M'Glashin, with an assisting staff of five other bailiffs, to empty it down the throats of the Free and Independents, it was demonstrated to a shadow that the Cloghnasparrians had become demoralised.

Closer and closer, as the day wore on, the polling ran. Louder and louder the yelling grew. Fiercer and fiercer the rowing. And hotter and hotter the polling agents worked. Scouts and press-gangs were out in all directions. Voters were coaxed to the poll, and wheedled to the poll, led to it, driven to it, and carried to it. Drunk and sober, indifferently, they were tumbled in, trundled off, and dumped at the booth in all conceivable, and some inconceivable, manners of conveyance—in carriages, in coaches, on bread-vans, on asses'-carts, on turf-barrows, on stretchers; while, for want of a readier conveyance, Seumas Durnien, of the "Cat and Fiddle," fetched half-a-dozen overcome Noodlumites in a hearse, and Nail Murrin, the wee crooked-backed shoemaker, was transported thither in a creel on Shan the Amadán's back.

And, lo! when already every available Free and

Independent, save and except one man, had recorded his vote, the tally of Noodlumites and M'Crossanites stood exactly equal. The one voter who had steadily alike refused solicitation, and resisted compulsion, was little Paddy M'Garrity.

After despatching a series of convoys to treat with Mr. M'Garrity, all unsuccessfully, the Honourable Dick, in the midst of a mob of howling friends, had at length to proceed in person to pay court to the immovable Paddy.

To him Paddy stated his unalterable terms. If the Honourable Dick would give his promise to secure Paddy's succession to the office of gauger on the death or resignation of Jimmy Ned M'Sharry, who now held the office, but whose ill-health would not permit him to hold it very much longer, then, and then only, would Mr. M'Garrity exercise his unpurchaseable right, and record his unbiassed vote in favour of the Honourable Dick Noodlum. The Honourable Dick wasn't the man to lose his election in regard of a paltry promise. The moment Jimmy Ned M'Sharry should either resign out of, be dismissed out of, or die out of, the office, he exhorted Mr. M'Garrity to lose no time whatever in acquaint-

ing him with the matter, and then the Honourable Dick in his turn should, he promised, lose as little in bringing his great influence to bear in the proper quarter to secure the coveted post for him. Be it day or night, foul weather or fair, the Honourable Dick was to be ready in the infinitesimal fraction of a moment's notice to go forward with Mr. M'Garrity's claim, to the forestalling of the many other applications which were certain to be showered in for the vacant office.

Like the free and independent elector he was, Mr. M'Garrity thereupon marched boldly to the polling booth, and, despite the hostile demonstrations of the mob, fearlessly declared his vote in favour of the Honourable Dick Noodlum, who was thereby elected to represent the ancient and important borough of Cloghnasparra in Parliament.

II.

WILBERFORCE NOODLUM, Esq., of Noodlum Manor, had remained a bachelor. He chose so to remain because if he had taken a wife, there would be of a

certainly one other mouth to feed and body to clothe—of a certainty one, probably six, possibly ten or a dozen. He was now as old as a *sciog* bush, and he was as frail as a wattle-hut, and he was more miserly than ever, and the richest of all the Noodlum family. His prospective heir was his well-beloved nephew, the Honourable Dick Noodlum. And the old man, God bless his innocence! thought his wealth couldn't pass into more careful hands. The Honourable Dick, one of the greatest spendthrifts in Ulster, prided himself on his talent for deceit. Most dutifully respectful and loving (to all appearance) to his miser-uncle, he impressed the old fellow with the idea that he, to wit the Honourable Dick, was the wisest, that is to say, the closest-fisted young man in the Kingdom, and, as a consequence, the Honourable Dick Noodlum's name figured exclusively in the will of Wilberforce Noodlum, Esq.—he was the sole legatee and executor, and the Honourable Dick chuckled.

Very opportunely the old man was overtaken by an illness, to which the doctor prophesied a fatal and early termination. Very opportunely, I remarked—because the Honourable Dick's exchequer was,

particularly since the commencement of his Parliamentary career, in a depleted state—in his own expressive language, he was squeezed dry.

The Honourable Dick had dutifully gone to Noodlum Manor, and spent much time by the sick-bed, consoling the dying miser with the warmly-asseverated assurance that he would soon be on his prancers again, as sprightly as the youngest in the stud, and live to be a hundred. With Micky Malowny—the one morose and taciturn old servant of the dying man, a counterpart of his master—the Honourable left word to despatch to him instant intelligence if the old man would show, as soon he must, indications of slipping his halter: so he put it. And Micky Malowny grunted his assent, and slammed the door after the Honourable Dick, who departed, whistling “The Girl I Left Behind Me.”

It was but a few nights after that he was awakened out of pleasant dreams by a terrible tindherary at his hall-door—a furious ringing and knocking. He divined the cause without trouble, and lay awaiting developments; for he had informed his own man that he was in hourly expectation of a life-and-death messenger from Noodlum Manor, who was to be at

once admitted to his presence at whatever hour of the night or day he might arrive.

In a very few minutes the ruction had reached to his own bedroom door, and his man, light in hand, ushered in a heavy-footed, panting, bespattered little man (whose countenance he dimly remembered seeing before), who, for some moments, was too breathless and excited to speak.

"Well? well?" hurriedly queried the Honourable Dick, resting on his elbows in the bed. "He's not dead, is he, eh?"

"Dead! He's dead as a doore nail!" the messenger panted.

"Phew—w—w! Dead, for certain?"

"As dead, yer honour, as a salted herrin'."

It was no time for inculcating politeness, or he might have resented the vulgarity.

"Clear out! Clear out!" said he, "till I get up and off. Hot water, you, Andy, as fast as you can shake your fetlocks. Shake up John; let him feed and turn out the two chestnuts and have the carriage at the door in a brace of shakes. I'll not mind feeding myself till I get there. There's no time to be lost."

The bespattered messenger was still standing in the bedroom door, his face now beaming with smiles.

"Arrah, *maise*, long life to yer honour, an' may ye niver know want! but, sure, ye needn't put yerself intil such a tarrible grate hurry entirely. We'll be the first, for the breath wasn't more nor out of his body when I started."

"Hang you for a blockhead!" said the amazed Dick. "What jaw are you giving? Get out of my sight or I'll brain you with this tooth-brush—by George, I will! But hold, idiot! Come here," for the poor fellow was taking the stairs four at a time, "on what did ye come?"

"Shanks's mare, plaise yer honour; me two feet."

"By Jove! Well, look here, you'll take a seat with the coachman, and mind, no more jaw, no more of your jaw! I'll—I'll—I'll carry the tooth-brush!—On his feet, by Jove," he said to himself, as he withdrew. "The man's as mean as the master; wouldn't send his messenger mounted. By George!"

III.

IN the morning succeeding the Honourable Dick's untimely cross-country drive, Micky Malowny stumbled into the bedroom of his master, of him whom the Honourable Dick was hurrying forward to bury.

Micky usually preceded a conversation with a grunt. When Micky entered the bedroom he looked for a moment at the form in the bed and grunted.

The form in the bed grunted in return.

His signal thus acknowledged, he tersely remarked :

"Scoundhrils below."

"What scoundhrils?" from the bed.

"Purty business! A paper man, an' an undher-taker, an' a hag."

"Wha-a-at?"

"Are ye deaf?"

"An', Micky, dear, what took those people into my house?"

"Their feet," in the curtest fashion.

"I mean, what do they want here?" apologetically.

"The hag wants to wash ye, the undhertaker wants to bury ye, an' the newspaper chap wants, I suppose, to write lies about ye, an' tell all the good ye done when ye wor alive, God be marcifal to ye."

"Wha-a-t! You don't mean to say they think I'm dead?"

"Don't I? All right, then," and Micky, with countenance sourer than ordinarily, instantly turned to leave the room.

"Micky! Micky!"

"What do ye want now?"

"What put it in the heads of these people that I was dead?"

"Yer precious scamp of a nephew."

"Dick? Lord's sake, Dick?"

"Raiched the 'Black Lion' early—coach-horses brakin' their necks with speed—pulled up to brakwus—alarmed the town ye wor dead, died las' night—doesn't know whether he's on his head or his heels—joy—slingin' money about like marvles—dhrinks for all hands—ordhered the newspaper man an' undhertaker on here—set them dhrunk first—the hag the dhrunkest of the lot. They're ravellin' [talking disconnectedly] away, yondher below—expect the divil

of a good time as long as ye remain undherboord.
Purty business ! Divil's own business ! ”

“ Lord's sake ! Lord's sake !—Micky ! ”

“ What ? ”

“ What have you told these persons ? ”

“ Nothin', ” with an irritable snarl.

“ Hark ye, then ! Tell them nothing. Smooth down the bedclothes. Spread that white counterpane. Lord's sake ! Lord's sake ! Tell Dick nothing either.”

But it was quite unnecessary to warn the uncommunicative Micky.

When Dick did arrive, which was very soon after, and remarked to Micky that it was “ Deuced sad news ! ” and tossed him a sovereign by way of relieving his feelings, and being informed in reply to a query that “ Yis, three other fools are within,” the Honourable hastened to join the trio, and invited the two gentlemen of the party, to wit, the representative of the Scrabby *Universe*, and the Scrabby undertaker, to go with him “ to view the body, as they say in the law.”

“ Poor old duffer ! ” the Honourable Dick said, not without a suggestion of pity, as they stood around the

bed ; "there you are, and as like as life. By George, quite lifelike. The pallor of death, of course, and the caved jaws ; but the expression otherwise quite lifelike, 'pon my honour. Poor—old—duffer !"

"About as lifelike a corp, yis, as I have ever boxed," the undertaker added, with a hiccough.

The representative of the *Scrabby Universe* (guaranteed largest circulation and best advertising medium in the North of Ireland) hiccoughed likewise, as he remarked :

"Yes, yes ; must make note—must make note—'Even when the (hic) icy hand of death finally pressed upon his (hic) heart, the countenance of the late lamented deceased still retained its wonted benevolent expression,' and so (hic) on."

"Ha, ha, ha ! by George. 'Its wonted benevolent expression !' By George, that is a rare one ! Ha, ha, ha !"

"Oh, well, you know," the press representative said ; "must say something original, you know—'Widely known and beloved—praiseworthy liberality—cast a (hic) gloom over whole neighbourhood—gone but not forgotten'—and the rest of it, you

know. We must give the poor devil a royal send-off. Cost little."

"Oh, 'pon my soul, yes, yes, by all means," the Honourable Dick said eagerly. "Oh, yes, lay it on thick for the old duffer; it's the last time he'll sport in your columns. Let space or expense be no object, my dear fellow. Say everything you can for the late lamented, as you fellows call him—and more than you can. Miser or not, we'll do it straight by him, now he's no more. Grind out the old tune—you know it—and improvise, too, to make the music cover as much ground as possible. You needn't stickle about facts, either—you press fellows know how to lie like Ananias." The old duffer leaves me sole heir and executor, and I never yet was ungrateful. So, give it strong—give it strong; give the public all of him they'll bear. No, hang me if ever I was ungrateful. Do it in style, now; do it in style, and hang expense. His virtues, poor old rascal, were such as to leave you a large field for imagination. Use your imagination, then, my man; use your imagination, and the sole heir and executor, I promise, will not forget you."

"All right! all (hic) right! I'll give the old humbug

such a regular blow-up that he'll be (hic) sorry he didn't live to read it. I will, by gum ! I'll make him blush in his coffin or I'll know the reason why."

"Right, right ! Hang all expense, say I. The old duffer has been a long time scraping for me to scatter. 'Pon my honour, he died very conveniently, and in great thank—that's the beauty of it—in great thank ! for now ninety-nine hundredths of these old scoundrels would hang on to their beggarly lives, just, you think, to spite a fellow, if he was expecting anything. I must do him justice, and say he died in my thank. He did. I was in a corner, a deuced corner. Now I'm going to climb out, and the old fellow's money will be going a pace it was long a stranger to. It will wake up and shake the rust off itself, I tell you. And you, Mr. Undertaker, I want you to know that you're to box up the corpse in the handsomest fashion. And the most expensive, too. Nothing stingy or nothing footy about it. Give him what he hadn't for fifty years before—a good dress—best and heaviest polished oak, with superb mountings, and everything your fancy can suggest—consistent with the occasion—consistent with the sorrowful occasion, of course. Hang all expense, I said, and hang all ex-

pense, I repeat. I never was ungrateful ; we'll dish him up in a manner a duke might be proud of."

"(Hic) trust me, yer honour, to make a neat job of him. I'll have (hic) every pleasure in dishing the old rascal in a fashion that 'ill make him sorry he can't (hic) be behind the hearse."

"Take his dimensions at once, then, and look lively, for, by George ! though I respect him—for he died in my thank—I don't mean to make him a fixture here. This is—let me see, what day is this?"

"It's (hic), (hic), (hic), (hic)—" said the undertaker.

"It's (hic), (hic)—" said the representative of the *Scrabby Universe*.

"It's Tuesday. Then by Thursday afternoon he must trot from here. Look lively, and get the dimensions."

"Upon my soul," said the corpse, starting up in bed, for he could stand it no longer, "you three rascals, villains, scoundhrels, are going to trot from here first—and that pretty quick, too."

In his terror the undertaker grabbed by the throat of the representative of the *Scrabby Universe*, and the representative of the *Scrabby Universe*, in

turn, did the like by the Honourable Dick; the Honourable Dick grabbed the first thing to hand, which happened to be the washstand. But the washstand couldn't resist the united tug of three men; all went down, the undertaker first, over him the representative of the Scrabby *Universe*, then the Honourable Dick, and, uppermost, the washstand and its contents!

.

Wilberforce Noodlum, Esq., of Noodlum Manor, did not die for fifteen months after. At his death his entire assets passed by will to the Society for Nourishing Starving Irish Papists—on tracts.

Mister M'Garrity did not get the vacant office of gauger, but got instead a horse-whipping at the hands of the Honourable Dick Noodlum, M.P. for the ancient and important borough of Cloghnasparra.

And, finally, the Honourable Dick Noodlum, M.P. for the ancient and important borough of Cloghnasparra did not just then get out of the corner in which he had proclaimed himself to be.

But, on the contrary, got into innumerable other and tighter corners, till he died of old age shortly after his twenty-ninth birthday.

Terry M'Gowan and the Priest.

A FOLK-TALE.

TERRY M'GOWAN was a bit of a farmer, an' a bit of a mason, an' a bit of a labourin' man. He had a wheen o' roods of a middlin', passable kind o' land that he wrought when it needed it in the Ware¹ day, an' in the Harwust ; an' atween times he went masonin' and labourin' to naybour farmers round about. Terry hadn't much, but he always managed to scrape together as much as kept himself an' his wife warm and snug. An' together they lived for long enough, attendin' to themselves an' to their religion, an' doin' their duty by both God an' man. In them days, times was harder again' our bliss'd religion than—thanks be to God !—they are now, an' the few priests hadn't just all the convayniences that they might,

¹ Spring.

livin' as they did, a kind of hand to mouth life, an' dependin' on their poor flock for the bare necessities.

On wan Sunday, Terry bein', as usual, at Mass, Father Luke give it out off the althar after prayers that he was in black need of some kind of an excuse of a baste to give him the wee dhrop of milk for his tay in the mornin's. For the milk was just then so uncommon scarce that it's often his reverence had to take his tay as black as the bog wather, and it was ill indeed it becomed his parishioners to see him wantin'; but then what could they do, for there was many's and many's a family o' them had only the same story to tell that they hardly didn't know the taste o' milk, it was so long since it crossed their lips. Father Luke, he pointed out off the althar, as was said afore, the cowl'd black need he was in, and gave it out that if any of the charitable of the flock would have it in their kind hearts to see their way to lend him the loan of a sthrapper baste for a little while till the milk would get plenty again, they would be repaid twofold —mainin', of course, that St. Pether would score it again' their account in Kingdom-come. Well, me brave Terry, when he went home after Mass, him-

self and his good woman were sittin' gosterin' over the fire about wan thing an' another, an' Terry turned it up about the priest's request :

"Nabla," says he—Nabla was his wife's name—
"Nabla," says he, "ye heerd what Father Luke said to-day axin' for a sthrapper baste ?"

"Throgs, an' I did then," says Nabla ; "an' it's in the sore need the poor man—God bless him every day the sun rises on him !—it's in the sore black need he is, poor man, for the baste with the wee dhrap o' milk ; for ye know, Tarry, it's hard enough it puts on you or me or the likes o' us to have to do without the sup o' milk, and dhrink the black tay on the bare-footed stomach, all as wan—but sure what then must it be for a priest to have to do it ? It's unconscionable, that's what it is."

"Faix, ye say right there, Nabla," says Terry.
"It's too bad entirely, so it is, an' a disgrace to the parish—it's burnin' I was wit' the fair shame when he had to make mintion of it at all. An', Nabla, ye heerd what he said, that them would let him have the loan of a cow baste for a stretch would be paid back double, an' he'd pray that where they've only wan baste now they might have two."

"I heerd that same, a *leora*, Terry," says Nabla, "an' what's more, I believe it. Them has the good will o' their priest 'ill be sure to have luck all the days o' their lives; and nothin' about aither themselves or their houses, but 'll thrive. An' moreover nor that, Terry, atween you an' me an' the bedpost, there's them an' their prayers isn't maybe as often answered as Father Luke's; an' if I was in the exthremeties o' disthress, an' ye come to me with two offickses,¹ an' ye said to me, 'There now, Nabla, there's an offick o' the Pope's, an' there's another of Father Luke's—which o' them will ye take?' I'd reach an' put out me han', an' I'd thank the Pope, an' take Father Luke's—may the good Lord shower down His blessin's on the man," says Nabla.

"Just so, Nabla, an' right, I dar'say, ye'd be. But it would be a gran' thing, Nabla, to get paid double," says Terry.

"So it would," says Nabla.

"I'm thinkin'," says Terry, "if we'd take an' give our wee sthrapper baste to Father Luke?"

"Well, if ye did," says Nabla, "the Lord wouldn't forget ye."

¹ Offices.

"Nor Father Luke. I think Father Luke wouldn't forget us," says Terry. "I think he wouldn't see us bate, but be as daicent as his word, and have us paid back twofold."

"I'm sartin sure of it," says Nabla. "An' ye'd bring a blissin' about yer house," says she.

"H'm!" says Terry. "A blissin' is a very fine thing, an' we all stand in need o' it, dear knows; but then everything in its place—I'd sooner see two sthrapper cows comin' about it. Then we'd have more heart to work for the blissin' ather," says he.

"Well, I'm sure, Terry," says Nabla, "that ye'll get both the sthrappers an' the blissin'."

"Then, Nabla," says Terry, "Father Luke 'ill get the cow."

No sooner said nor done. Terry didn't rest till he got the stick in his fist, an' 'lowsin' the sthrapper out o' the wee byre, walked her off to Father Luke's. Father Luke, ye may be sure, was the pleasant man, an' the thankful man, when Terry walked intil him with the sthrapper. When he heerd it was the only baste Terry had, he wasn't for havin' it on no account, an' wanted to turn it back with him. But Terry wouldn't hear o' this, nor wouldn't be said by him.

He put her into Father Luke's byre, an' tied her up with his own hands. When Father Luke saw there was no *raisonin'* with the man, for he had no *raison* in him, he thraited him daicently, an' give him his blissin', an' sent Terry home in high spirits, sayin' that he wouldn't lose by the same transaction, but the blissin' and the *sthrappers* would shower on him soon and suddint.

Well, Time comes an' goes, an' we don't know where it went; an' two days wasn't well passed round till Terry's *sthrapper* comes throttin' home to him again, along with a bullockeen that Father Luke had runnin' on the grass with it, an' that took up with it. An' when Terry saw the pair o' them comin cantherin' up to the house, he runs to the door an' calls out Nabla.

"Nabla, Nabla," says he, "them was the thrue words o' Father Luke's when he said them would lend him a *sthrapper* would be repaid twofold. Here comes our own *sthrapper* back to us in company with a brave lump of a bullockeen. Faith," says he, "Father Luke, you're the man for my money, an' if ever ye want a *sthrapper* again just tip me the word, an' I'll

go bail ye'll not want wan long ; an' if ye want two, why, I'll stale wan for ye."

"Oh," says Nabla, says she, "didn't I tell ye the blissin' it was to have Father Luke's good prayers about wan. Ye have now got yer own sthrapper back, and a bullockeen along with it, an' there's no tellin' how many ye may get yet—for Father Luke's prayers don't always begin an' end the wan day."

"All right," says Terry, "the more the merrier."

Then Terry and his wife the very next day killed the bullockeen an' salted it. They had a wee, dawny craythur of a tailyer sewin' for them, whose wife used to bate an' abuse him for dhrinkin', an' they boiled some ribs of the bullockeen, an' set down the wee tailyer to it along with themselves. But what would ye have of it, the wee craythur of a tailyer was so used to nothin' but abuse an' the laivin's of the table at home, that when he was set down to such a gran' meal, he gorged himself till he choked, an' dhropped dead off the chair. When Terry saw this he started away to the tailyer's wife an' tould that he fell dead across the lapboord as he was bastin' a pair of cordhiroy throusters, an' that it was the very last words he put out o' him was to mind an' not forget to tell the

crowner that it was the abuse his tarmajent of a wife give him that had taken his life.

"*Ochon! Mhuire a's truagh!*" says the wife, says she, "sure if ye tell that I'll be done for entirely, an' they'll hang me up without judge or jury! *Ochon! Mhuire a's truagh!* What will I do? or what's goin' to happen to me, at all, at all?" says she, wringin' her hands up and down.

"I'll tell ye what ye'll do," says Terry, "just give me ten poun' and I'll fix it that ye'll never hear another word about it."

"Oh, *Mhuire a's truagh! ochon! ochon!*" says she, "I'll do that an' welcome; an' I'll pray for ye all the days I live. If I abused him atself sure Sent Pether wouldn't stand him, the wee bag, runnin' away to the public-house with every penny he could rap an' run, an' then comin' home to me at ontimely hours, as dhrunk as a beggar, an' rantin' an' roarin' like a wild bear! Human flesh couldn't stand it, an' no more could I—and sure, *ochon! ochon!* sure if I did now an' then knock his brains again' the brace, or take him by the nape of the neck an' sait o' the breeches an' dhrup him into the du'ghill sink afore the door there—sure, I say, if I did chastise him that way back an'

forrid atself, it was for his own good I done it, if he'd only knew it; an' if he'd only lived a while longer he'd soon be cured o' the dhrink, an' when he'd look back at himself an' think how he escaped with the life, it's down on his two bare knees he'd have gone an' thanked me for knockin' his head again' the brace to open his eyes, an' for throwin' him into the du'ghill sink to take the smell o' the dhrink off him. But, *Mhuire a's truagh!* he was always the conthrairy boy, an' it's just like him to die on me hands when I had him next to cured of it—an' then to accuse me with the last breath—*ochon! ochon! ochon!*"

So Terry got his ten pound; an' then the question was what he'd do with the corp, that it wouldn't be found out. But it's a close hedge has no gap—an' this was the time when the people was carryin' the butther an' corn to the priest to pay him in lieu o' steepens,¹ so Terry doubled up the wee tailyer into a creel, an' off with him to Father Luke's. When he got there, he foun' just outside the door a creel of butther that was afther comin', an' the man had gone inside to tell Father Luke. Down Terry

¹ Stipends.

dumps his creel-full of tailyer, an' up on his back he h'ists the creel-full o' butther, an' he wasn't while ye'd be sayin' "Jack Robison" till he was off again; an' once away an' eye away, Terry wasn't long puttin' hills atween him an' the priest's, an' home with the butther.

In the manetime the man that fetched the butther had been in an' axed for Father Luke; an'—

"Arrah, *cead mile failte* to ye, Andy," says the priest to him. "Is it yerself I have in it? An' who'd be expectin' to see you, now? An' it's hale an' hearty ye look. An' I hope the good woman stands it as well as yerself? An' how is the childhre, Andy? An' I hope an' thrust Mickey's betther o' the chin-cough, an' Dinnis o' the maisles? And the youngest's the born picthur o' yerself, Andy, when ye were like him. Won't ye sit down till ye tell me all the news?"

"Thanky, Father Luke! Thanky, thanky, an' God's blissin' be about ye. An' they're all as lively an' as hearty as harwust hares, yer reverence. The good woman herself—thanks be to God for all His kindness—was never betther. She's as stout as a salmon an' as healthy as a moor-fowl. Mickey's

chin-cough is no throuble to him any longer ; an' if ye were to see Dinnis, himself an' a spoon, gettin' roun' a noggin' o' stirabout, ye wouldn't need to ax if he was betther o' the maisles. I hope yer reverence's self is as hale as I'd be wishin' ye. It's in regards o' a wee bit o' butther," says he, "that Maidgy put in the creel an' packed me over to ye with. If yer reverence would be kind enough to tell me where I'd put it, or what I'd do with it. I have it just outside the door here."

"Oh, me darlin' were ye always, Andy ! An' not a *cos* naither was Maidgy ever behind ye. Daicent people ye were ever an' always, an' daicent 'll be the childhre afther yez. Tell Maidgy when ye go home that if there's ever anything lies in Father Luke's power that he can do to oblige her, she has only to name it, an' it's betther nor done already. Sit down, sit down, Andy, up to the fire, till ye get a cup o' tay to warm ye, an' we'll look afther the butther by-an'-by. Maire," says Father Luke to his girl, "Maire," says he, "take an' put down the tay-pot, an' stew us as good an' as black a dhrop for Andy here, as ever ye took out of it. An' then," says he, "take a knife an' a clane plate an' go out to Andy's creel there,

outside the door, an' cut out a nice piece of his own butther for him—for it's sweet it is, I know; and I couldn't thrate him to better nor his own if I tried—I know Maidgy's butther of ould, an' it's waterin' me lips is for it at the present time, so hurry up, Maire."

Well an' good, Maire put down the taypot with a handful of tay in it to dhraw; an', takin' a plate an' knife, she goes out to the creel to cut a piece of Andy's own nice yalla butther for himself—but, lo an' behould ye! when Maire lifted the cloth an' went to put the knife down into the creel to take out with her a whang o' the butther, lo an' behould ye what does she see but the white face o' the corp girm' up at her out o' the creel, an' she raised one *melia murther*, and fell back on the doorstep as dead as a skewered goose for all the life was in her. An' when Father Luke an' Andy heard the *robáin* they come out o' the house like throopers to find what was up, or what was the matther at all, at all. An' the first thing Father Luke sees, after liftin' the fainted girl, was the white face o' the wee dead tailyer lookin' up out o' the creel at them, an':—

"Holy murdher! ' says Father Luke. "Andy,

what do ye mane by this at all, at all? Or is this the creel o' butther ye fetched me?"

Andy looked into the creel then, an' seein' the corp o' the tailyer, too, he got like the lime wall in the face, an' he staggered an' would 'a fell, only Father Luke caught on to him.

"Father Luke," says he, when he got his breath with him, "when Maidgy put that creel on me back at home, I'll give ye me book oath on any book in Chrissendom that it was a creel of as yella butther as you, Father Luke, ever put under your tooth—no disparagement to ye—whatever the sorra badness has been wrought on it since I left home."

"Well," says Father Luke, "whether it was butther or not was in it when ye left home—an' I have no raison to doubt yer word, Andy, nor wouldn't doubt it, for more—it's wee Tammas Hilferty, the tailyer o' the Crass beyant, that's in it now—leastways, it's what's for him. An' atween you an' me, Andy, it'll not be to the good of aither of us if his mortal remains is found in our company, for it looks mighty suspicious to be cadgin' him round my house, covered up in a creel; an' if we're caught wit' him here we'll hang for it, as sure as soot. The sooner we can do

away with the craythur's body, then, the better, Andy."

So both of them got into a fright o' the tailyer's body bein' found with them—an' little wondher—an', considherin' together, they came to the conclusion to bury him in the priest's garden. Then, h'istin' the creel on to Andy's back, Father Luke got a spade, an' a shovel, an' a pick, an' they went into the garden an' commenced diggin' a grave for the wee tailyer. But, be me song, they weren't half through with the grave when who'd come an' look over the hedge only me brave Terry M'Gowan comin' to look an' see what they intended doin' with the corp.

"Good morra, yer reverence," says Terry.

"Good morra to yerself, Terry," says Father Luke, standin' atween Terry an' the creel, an' thryin' to hide it with the tail of his coat. "Good morra to yourself, Terry," says he.

"An' good luck to the work," says Terry.

"Thanky, thanky, Terry," says the priest.

"It's not diggin' spuds ye'd be this time o' year?" says Terry.

"No, it isn't," says the priest.

"Nor settin' them, naither?" says Terry.

"Nor settin' them, naither," says the priest.

"Nor it's not minin' for goold yez is, you an' Andy?"

"No, it's not minin' for goold we are," says the priest, movin' himself round into new ground, for Terry was workin' roun' too, lettin' on all as wan as that he did want to see what was in the creel.

"I don't b'leeve I ever heerd tell of any diamond mines in this part of Ireland, that ye might be lookin' for," says Terry.

"I don't b'leeve there's no diamond mines here, Terry," says the priest.

"But whatever wee job yez may be at," says Terry, "yez'll want help."

"Oh, no, no, it's nothin'," says the priest, says he—"it's nothin', nothin' at all, Terry, an' we don't want no help. Go home, like a daicent man, Terry, an' maybe it's Nabla would be lookin' for ye to carry her in a creel o' thurf, or do some other *kififle* about the house—an' thank ye kindly."

"Father Luke," says Terry, says he, "don't even mention it to me that I'd be so mane as to pass by, an' see ye sweatin' yerself at work ye weren't brought up to, an' that I wouldn't ax to relieve ye—don't,

Father Luke, ever mention the lake to me. It wouldn't be in the M'Gowans to do sich a dirty thrick," an' with that Terry was over the hedge at a bounce, an' standin' atween them. "Show me the spade out o' yer fist, yer riverence—but, holy Sent Pether, Sent Paul, an' Sent Pathrick!" says he, crossin' himself as he looked into the creel. "What's that yez have in the creel, yer riverence? Sure, Father Luke, ye don't mane to say that it's poor Tammas Hilferty o' the Crass beyant, that his poor disthracted wife is goin' dimented over the counthry axin' an' inquirin' for, but can't get tale nor tidings of? Father Luke! Father Luke! Oh, poor Father Luke! *Ochon, ochon!* what's this to do at all, at all! But it's the black day for me to find ye out in the like o' this! Oh, Father Luke! Father Luke! I wish I had never seen the day ye'd come to this! *Ochon, ochon!*" says Terry, takin' round the tail of his coat to wipe the tears out of his eyes.

"Arrah, be aizy wit' ye, Terry," says Father Luke, says he, commencin' an' explainin' to him the whole story.

"Oh, Father Luke, Father Luke," says Terry, says he, when he listened to it all, "I wish I could

b'leeve ye—I only wish I could b'leeve ye—or, what's better, make a judge an' jury b'leeve ye. But, Father Luke, *a m'hic*, they'll say when they hear yer story, that them would murdher a poor, motherless, defensive tailyer wouldn't stop at makin' up a pla'sible story. Oh, Father Luke! Father Luke! Father Luke! what came over ye at all, at all, me poor man, to go for to do the lakes of it?"

An' there it was Terry kept bemoanin', an' there was no use in Father Luke tryin' to raison wit' him, and the poor man got into a fright entirely that it would get out he murdhered the tailyer. An' to get Terry out of his way, so as to get the corpse buried, says he:

"Terry, ye killed my bullockeen an' ye ate him," says he.

"Oh, but, yer reverence," says Terry, "that was all be an oversight, an' it was nothin' at all to killin' a tailyer. There's no law at all again' killin' bullockeens, but there is again' killin' tailyers. I know yer reverence has it into me for that job, but I think afther this day we'll be evens," says Terry.

"Well, I'll tell ye what it is, Terry," says Father Luke.

"Tell me," says Terry.

"Go home quietly an' daicently an' say nothin' to no mortal about anything ye've seen this day, an' I give ye forgiveness."

Now, Father Luke, poor man, had a bit o' a pig, an' it went by the name o' Forgiveness, bekase it wandhered about among the naybour's houses wit' no other occupation than to snap a pick here, an' a pratie there, an' put its head into the stirabout pot at the nixt place, an' so on : an' when it would make off wit' its misdemailours, no one would think of liftin' hand or foot to it. "Ye know it's the priest's pig," they would say, "an' it must have *forgiveness*."

So, no sooner did me brave Terry get the word from Father Luke that he'd give him *forgiveness*, than he thanked his reverence, an' off he started, an' "Husthee ! Husthee !" drove Forgiveness, squealin' an' gruntin', home afore him to Nabla.

Father Luke, poor man, wasn't long till he missed Forgiveness from about the doors, an' it come to him at once how Terry had taken him in ; an' puttin' two an' two together he got the opinion that Terry wasn't without knowin' somethin' about the little tailyer's corp. But he's a wise man that can keep his tongue

in his jaw, an' Father Luke never split lips to Terry or any other man over it more ; but, all the same, he kept the same Terry at arm's length afther.—An throgs, maybe it was as well for him, if he had anything to lose.

Sban Martin's Ghost.

I.

“ ‘ I speak in candour—one night in slumber
My mind did wander nigh to 'Athlone,
The centre station of this Irish nation,
Where a congregation to me was shown.

“ ‘ Beyond countin', upon a mountain,
Nigh to a fountain that clearly ran,
I fell to tremble (I'll not dissemble)
As they assembled on the Rights of Man.

“ ‘ All clad in green, it was—’

“ ARRAH, then, the tip-top o' the mornin' to ye,
Masther Thady! Thanks be to God, isn't this the
brave, gloryus mornin, Masther Thady?”

“ The tip-top o' the mornin' to yerself, Briney *Ban*.
Maise Briney, it's as blithe an' gay as ever ye are.
Always in the heighth of spirits, Briney?”

“ Peuts, man! the sarra good in bein' otherwise.
Good spirits suits the poor man—they cost nothin'.
We'll be all dead long enough, moreover.”

"Thru for ye, thru for ye, Briney. Where are ye takin' the ass?"

"From the poun', then, Masther Thady—divil another place. Bad scan to Jack Martin for the miserd he is, an' the ill-natured wan, too! that's the third time since Cannelmas he put the poor baste intil it. It's small way I have for him, ye know yer-self. An' if I turn him out on the road of a night to pick for himself, he'll maybe of a time he finds a slap open walk intil Jack's Square Park; an' sure as he does, down comes oul' Jack with a countenance would sour crame, an' with a nose would split a hail-stone—down he comes, bad scan till him! an' off to the poun' with the poor qua-dhroopit that knew no betther. Now, I know, Masther Thady, ye're goin' till make Jack Martin your uncle-in-law wan' o' these days, but throth an' I wish ye betther, an' I must ax yer pardon for sayin' again, bad scan till him—an' bad scan till him over again."

"You needn't ask me pardon then, Briney, for I'll join ye right heartily in another 'bad scan till him.'"

"I thought ye were goin' to make him yer uncle-in-law?"

"I thought so, too; but, Briney, there's no use my

makin' a secret of it, for a secret it'll not be—he'll not let me."

" Phew-w-w !—

" " As I roved out wan mornin',
The posies bein' in bloom—"

" Is that how the hare sits? Throth, an' I'm sorry for ye, now."

" Thanky, Briney, thanky. The oul' miserd, as ye call him, thinks I haven't enough money, or don't know how to keep my thumb tight enough on what I have. Dan Lafferty has more, an' knows how to houl' it, so he has coorted Dan for poor Una."

" Dan Lafferty! for Una! Sure, he might a-been gossip to her gran'mother!"

" Well, there ye are. And poor Una, God help her! she's breakin' her heart at the bare thought of it."

" An' small wondher, too. Why, Masther Thady, Dan Lafferty is as oul' as a wee hill."

" He is."

" He's as hard as the hab o' Newry."

" He is then."

" An' ugly enough to be the divil's gran'father."

"Never a doubt."

"An' as crosst as an ill-mannered buck goat."

"That's Dan."

"Well, may the Lord pity poor Una Kelly if she gets tethered to that bag o' sins!"

"Amen—may the Lord pity her."

"An' pity you, too. The craythur would go through fire an' wather for ye."

"Yis, yis, Briney, she would, God bliss her poor heart. But what help's for it?"

"Too bad, then, Masther Thady, if there wouldn't. God's blissin' be about poor Una. The han'some girl she is—an' as good as she's han'some. Och, an' it's me knows that, an' has the right to say it. If me wee pack runs down—an', sure, I have nothin' else to live by, barrin' the mercies of God—if me wee pack runs down, as more nor wanst it did, in these hard times, Una, God reward her, has always the kind heart an' the open han' for poor Briney *Ban*, an' would plenish me pack again till such times as it fitted meself to pay her back. You see that ass there? Well, on Hallowmas night last was a twelve-months, my oul' ass (Cisayro, Masther Whoriskey named him, bekase he sayed he was so illoquent—for

he used to disturb the Masther very much with his brayin'), Cisayro took it intil his head to die without rhyme nor raison, barrin' it was the oul' age, an' Briney *Ban* was feelin' like an orphan, with a black enough look-out, God knows, when lo an' behoul' ye, brakwus time hadn't passed next mornin' when in, like an angel, steps Una into me own wee shanty, an' planks down three goold half-sovereigns, an' 'There, Briney, a *thaisge*,' says she, 'there's a thrifle o' me own savin's to help ye to a new donkey, for I suppose yer purse is as low as yer heart this mornin'. Poor Cisayro!' says she, 'I was sorrier for him than I could tell ye, for it's him an' I was the good fren's,' says she. An' that was thrue, throth, for I could see it in his eye when Una was near him. Then, every time o' the three times I have gone to relaise Wat Tyler (the Masther christened this lad Wat Tyler becase, he says, Wat was a great leveller—an' thrue enough this is a very handy lad at levellin' his way intil a fiel' of sweet clover)—every wan o' the three times I have gone to relaise Wat from the poun', the poun' dues was paid afore me—by Una, of coorse, as soon as ever she heard of the uncle marchin' off popr Wat to the poun' for the crime of havin' a good

taste on his mouth. Too bad, Masther Thady, I say, if there wouldn't be no help for it! Too bad! Too bad! The top o' the mornin' to ye again.—

“ ‘ All clad in green, it was then I seen,
A most virtuous queen that was grave an' old,
Saying, ‘ Childre dear, now do not fear,
But come an' hear what I will unfold :

“ ‘ This fertile counthry, near seven centuries
Since Strongbow's entry upon our lan',
Has been kept undher by woes unnumbered,
And always plundered, of the Rights of Man.' ”

II.

JACK MARTIN was son to oul' Shan Martin. By hard and honest work Shan had contrived to scrape together a nice few hundreds of pounds, all which, at his death, he bequeathed, of course, to his dutiful son Jack. Now, Jack was what we called a neygard an' a miserd, with the natural consequence that, as his local prestige ran down—and this it did fast enough, in all truth—his worldly wealth ran up.

Jack Martin was mean and sordid, and, as might be expected, the bent of his mind was very, very practical: so a very inconsistent point in his character was his reverence for the supernatural. He was the repository, and the best retailer, too, of all the ghost annals and the fairy annals of the barony for the previous hundred years, and about the most reliable authority, too, in the parish on such subjects. Often and often Jack Martin longed for practical experience in these matters—longed, but, at the same time, feared. And, indeed, the fear so outweighed the wish, that, when travelling alone at night, it was well known he carried a prayer-book in each coat pocket.

Now, Jack was returning from Donegal market. Jack was late, very late, much later than he had intended. Jack had, by appointment, met Dan Lafferty there for the discussion of a matrimonial affair, and Dan had been exacting and obstinate, with the consequence that Jack had to hold out, for lee and long, to tire Dan out of exorbitant demands. In this, to his gratification, he had partially succeeded. But by that time it was wearin' in the night. There wasn't another sinner from Cruckagar but had taken the

road long since. Even Briney *Ban* and the ass—and 'twas seldom but Briney and the ass were the last to cross the bridge—even Briney and the ass were gone half-an-hour before. And a gruff enough Good-night ! too, Jack had returned Briney when he met the pair heading for home. Eleven o'clock was on Jack ere yet he got starting, and then, as ill luck would have it, he could only manage one prayer-book one of Mrs. M'Glanaghy's, the quick and safe return of which he had to vow solemnly, ere he was intrusted with it. Mrs. M'Glanaghy possessed another, but Pat Griffin's wee son had the loan of it, learning the clerking of Mass. So, perforce, Jack Martin had to bless himself, and, carefully placing the prayer-book in his right-hand pocket, started for home.

On all that road, from Donegal to Cruckagar, there was no other place imposed the same dread upon Jack Martin as the neighbourhood of the Killymard old graveyard. Indeed, that was the spot of dire fear to all belated ones. Small wonder, too : for of all the haunted places in the parish (and they were neither scarce nor insignificant) Killymard graveyard was easily the chief, both as regards the quantity and the quality—the downright genuineness—of its ghosts.

As Jack approached it, then, his grasp insensibly tightened on the prayer-book. He was running up and down his pather-an'-avvies, too, at a very nimble rate—more fervently than perhaps he would pray under normal circumstances. At intervals he wedged in a mouthful of a bad prayer on Dan Lafferty as the cause of the present distress; and a mental vow never to be caught thus late again. He tried to keep his gaze fixed straight and firmly ahead. He tried, but couldn't. Despite him, his eye would glint sideways, and over his shoulder. At one time, a white post before him was the cause of some moments' acute mental distress, and at another, no less awful an object than a tall hawthorn branch that shot above its fellows in the hedge behind, and swayed weirdly in the breeze. But now he had safely passed the graveyard gate, and was already feeling his breath coming more freely, when, much to his consternation, the wind in the hedge sighed with a sigh that was too painfully human. Jack had been slacking speed on the pather-an'-avvies, but now he was immediately going at full pressure again. He did keep his eyes ahead. Again the sigh came—this time more realistically—from behind, too. Jack's eye

went over his shoulder. Yes, that sigh was not the wind in the hedge. A figure draped in white was gliding along, not six yards behind Jack. There was no noise of a footfall—it just glided, glided. The thought crossed Jack's troubled mind, how he had often had the desire for a ghostly experience, and why mightn't he now be brave? No use, though! Cold logic was ludicrously out of place in the present state of his nerves. Though he had quickened his previous quick pace, quickened it as far as he possibly could, without unnecessarily arousing the suspicions, and risking the displeasure of, the IT that came behind, still IT was gaining on him. He resolved not to run. Besides that supernatural beings, as Jack knew well, could laugh at speed, such a course would obviously give wanton offence. It would be a direct slap in the face to IT; and Jack had determined, should the worst come, to adopt a more or less conciliatory policy. The ghost, he now saw, had got much closer, and, yes, it was sidling up by his left side—the side on which he did not carry a prayer-book. Quickly Jack changed the good book around. Immediately its influence affected the supernatural being, for IT came on now by his RIGHT side. Jack

again changed the prayer-book. It as quickly changed the plan of attack. A bright idea then struck Jack. With the prayer-book in his left pocket he walked on the extreme right of the road, too close to the hedge to permit of a ghost walking between him and it. The result was that the ghost, now getting abreast of Jack, was compelled to walk on the extreme left of the road. There was, perhaps, a grain of comfort in this. But, as they went, the ghost gave way to a series of soul-thrilling sighs. It was very evident there was something very, very weighty on its mind, but, of course, until questioned, the seal of silence was on it; and few could have known this better than Jack Martin. Jack saw no way out of the difficulty but to question it. He blessed himself, ran a pather-an'-avvy, and then (only turning the tail of his eye, not even his head) said, in a very tremulous and strange voice that frightened himself,

“In God’s blessed name I command ye to spake. Who are ye? or what’s a throuble to ye?”

“Oh, oh, do you not know me?” the ghost said, in that frightfully hollow and startling tone which is usual with ghosts.

"Axin' to be excused for me ignorance," Jack said, determined to be propitiatory, "I do not."

"Oh, Jack Martin! Jack Martin! I'm yer poor father!"

A cold shiver here ran down Jack's backbone, and he felt unable to go on with the conversation for a minute.

Then he didn't know whether it was the proper thing to bid the ghost of his father welcome or not—but he inclined to think not. So he only said,

"Dear father, have ye anything on yer mind? Or is there anything I can do for ye?"

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes! I have throuble on my mind. But tell me, first, how long am I dead?"

"Ye'll be dead, father, just fifteen years come the nixt fair-night of Dinnygal, an' that's again' Friday week."

Here Shan Martin's ghost gave expression to suppressed feelings in another sigh that chilled poor Jack to the marrow.

"Fifteen years! An' it looks like fifteen hundred! *Farior! Farior!* My son Jack, Purgathory's an awesome place! Nivir do nothin', my son Jack, to get ye intil Purgathory.'

There now, and poor Jack, God help him, had been reckoning up only the previous Saturday night, communing with himself, as he sat over the fire, that he would be highly satisfied if he got off with a thousand years in Purgatory.

"Tell me," said the ghost, "about Jimmy Ailse's moss, that sthrip that run atween our lowlan's an' our brae-side farm—Micky Dawson come in thondher Above an' he toul' me when he left it was up for sale, an' he was afeerd the Dorrians of the Esker would do ye out of it—who got it?"

"Oh, I got it, father—I outbid the Dorrians; but they run it mortal dear on me."

"Had ye to go to fifteen poun' for it?"

"Troth, I had, an' two more—seventeen poun' five, not to mention auctioneer's fees."

"No matther, son—no matther, son—I'm glad to know ye got it at any money. That was wan wee matther was puttin' sore on me mind—for I knew if the Dorrians of the Esker got that sthrip, they'd be puttin' thievin' graziers on it (for the Esker sthirks, if they aren't changed since my day, would spiel a wall like a cat), and ye'd never get no good of a crop on aither farm, for they'd ate yer lock o' braird, an'

thramp yer grain o' praties—I'm mortal glad ye got it, son, at any money.

"Now, the nixt matther on me mine, is, if anything, more serious. Is Una livin' with ye still?"

"She is."

"She's a fine young woman now, I'm thinkin'?"

"The sorra betther or finer walks the road, father."

"Good, good. The same words Long Paddy Haimish, of Gargrim, toul' me when he come in. An' he give me to undherstan', moreover, that oul' Thady M'Glinchy's son, that's young Thady, was payin' her attentions. Is that so?"

"Well, yis."

"Ay, so Long Paddy toul' me. He toul' me he walks her to the chapel, an' he sayed if a purtier or a more likely pair was to be found in the bounds o' the baronry he'd go three mile on his knees, himself, to see them."

"Oh, there's no denyin' it, father, a purty an' likely pair enough they were, but—"

"An' I sayed to Long Paddy, when he was tellin' me the story, 'Long Paddy,' says I, 'if young Thady M'Glinchy takes afther oul' Thady

M'Glinchy, I wouldn't wish me gran'niece a betther, or a daicenter, or a more respectful man.' 'An' he does that, then,' says Long Paddy back to me, 'just take afther oul' Thady, an' if there's any differ in it the advantage is with the young man,' says he. 'Barrin',' says he, 'that maybe he hasn't just altogether as long a purse as what the oul' man had. But he has plenty,' says he, 'along with the fortune Una 'ill be gettin' from her Uncle Jack—plenty to bring up a wife an' family, an' keep them both warm an' snug—plenty an' to spare.' 'I don't care,' says I, 'if he hadn't thruppence, he's the daicent son of a daicent father. An', besides, as you say, Jack's able to fortune off Una so well that he mightn't care he marrid her on the *Bacach Fad*—both able,' says I, 'an' willin'. My son Jack was a credit to me while I lived, an' I know betther nor to believe that he'd be anything otherwise now I'm dead.' Them was the words I sayed to Long Paddy Haimish. Jack, dear, has Thady M'Glinchy axed her off ye yet at all, at all?"

Jack, poor fellow, was sorely troubled by this question.

"Father, dear," he said at length, "ye were always

purtikler regardin' me an' me affairs, an' it's miss yer kind advice I have done since ye left me. Night or mornin', father, I nivir go to my knees I don't offer up a pather-an'-avvy for ye."

"I know that, Jack, dear—I know that, Jack, dear. But about Una? Has Thady M'Glinchy axed her off ye at all?" for his father's ghost wasn't so easily to be led off the scent.

"As regards Una, father, make yer mine aisy; Una 'll have the best boy in the parish or she'll have none."

"The very thing, Jack—the very thing. An' Thady is the best boy, I'm toul', be several, in the parish. Has he axed her off ye yet?"

"Well, the truth is, father, he has axed her, but I, mainin' for good, refused Thady, who, barrin' the bare farm, couldn't more nor rub two sixpences again' other. An' I was this very night fixin' matthers up for good an' all with Dan Lafferty. There's the thruth to ye now, father; an' I maint it for Una's good."

"Dan Lafferty! Dan Lafferty!" the ghost said, in a very surprised tone. "Who is Dan Lafferty, Jack?"

Not wan o' the Laffertys of Cronasliabh, I hope an' thrust, Jack, dear?"

"Yis, father," Jack replied tremblingly. "A son of Jamie *Mor* Lafferty's, of Cronasliabh. I maint it for her good, father, dear."

"Oh, Jack, *a thaisge*, Jack, *a thaisge*! Amn't I glad I got an hour's laive of absence this night, an' seen ye afore ye sent poor Una among the Laffertys of Cronasliabh! The Laffertys of Cronasliabh, the miserds, who'd skin a flay for the sake of the hide! Oh, Jack, Jack, isn't it the blissin' out an' out that I come to see ye this night! Jack!"

"What, father?"

"Br'ak off with Miserd Lafferty at wanst."

"Yis, father," Jack said, in a hesitating tone.

"Immaydiately, at wanst, I say."

"I will, father."

"Sen' him word the morra mornin'. Oh, Jack, Jack, what's this to do! Ye nearly done it! Ye nearly done it!"

"Father, I maint only for Una's good! Believe me, father, dear, it was for Una's good I maint!"

"I don't doubt ye at all, Jack *a gradh*. I don't doubt ye; but I mind me well ye wor always given to

wee mistakes of judgment. Och, but I'm glad I got an hour's laive of absence afore the harm was done! Sen' him word early the morra mornin', Jack—that rascal Lafferty."

"Yis, father."

"Warn him off. Say ye'll shoot him if he comes within an ass's roar of yer house."

"Yis, father."

"Sen for Thady M'Glinchy, an' get a couple of the naybours, an' square matthers with Thady at wanst."

"I will, father."

"An' Jack, what fortune did you intend puttin' on Una?"

"Three hundher, an' the Braeside farm, father."

"Three hundher an' the Braeside farm. Let me see, Thady—ye're noways scarce o' money, Una's a good girl, an' the money's not goin' out o' the family—I think we'll give her another hundher-an'-fifty."

"Och, but, father, dear—" Jack had begun.

"What, Jack, do ye gridge yer poor oul' father's sowl that requist, on account of a dhirty han'ful o' poun's!—yer poor oul' father that made ye the man ye are—the moneyed man ye are!"

"Oh, no, no; not at all, father! Not by no mains, father, dear! Not by no mains!"

"Then, Jack, am I to considher my min' as aised of that matther?"

"Ye are, father, dear, surely."

"Just let me hear the tarms again, now, to make sure ye don't forget them, an' be bringin' me back another journey to rightify ye."

Jack groaned. But he said:

"I'm to sen' word at wanst to Dan Lafferty that the match is bruck off. To make it up with Thady M'Glinchy, marry Una on him, an' fortune her with four hundher an' fifty poun's an' the Braeside farm." And here Jack gave vent to another suppressed groan, as if his very heart strings were rending.

"Yis, an'," said the ghost, "now I think of it, Long Paddy Haimish tells me ye have a yalla and white heifer that's springin'—just throw in the heifer to poor Una for luck."

Jack groaned once more.

"An' the yalla an' white springer, for luck," Jack assented, with a pang.

"That's right, Jack. I'm glad to find ye the dutiful son ye always wor. An', now, don't forget any part

o' the agreement, bekase, if ye do, ye know, as I sayed afore, I'll have to be comin' back to remind ye of it, which 'll be pleasant naither to you nor meself. The only other wee matther was on me mind, Jack, was regardin' yer naybour, Briney *Ban*. There was two of the Glackins, of the Ainey-beag, come in yondher, an' they had it as a standin' cast up to me, that me son Jack was mane enough to impound poor Briney *Ban's* ass. Now, sure that isn't thrue, Jack?"

"Well, father, from Guiney-lan' to Galway there isn't two as big rogues as Briney an' his ass. Well met they are. There can't be a gap open in all me land but that ass seems to know it by second sight, for he'll walk str'ight to it, an' go in an' morode through me crops. An' if I stop every hole so that a mouse couldn't get through, that ass, when Briney turns him loose, 'ill walk forrid like a Christian an' throw open a slap for himself. Flesh an' blood wouldn't stan' that, father, dear."

"Oh, but, Jack! ye know poor Briney, Lord pity him! is a sthugglin', poor man, with a family to support; an', God knows, he does his best, thrudgin' an' thrampin' till every fair in the almanac, an' every corner in the baronry, an' we musn't be too hard on

him, nor the ass aither. Maybe, if we knew, small wondher it would be for the poor ass to be hungry ; an', Jack, *a stor*, mind what I'm tellin' ye, an' don't begridge to sen' Briney a wisp o' hay or sthraw now an' again when ye have it. An' if the ass does morode, why, it's small harm the poor baste 'ill do, an' do his worst ; don't brak yer neck with speed to turn him out, barrin' he'd be in the corn ; if he gets a bellyful of grass, don't grudge it till him—an' if ye do turn him out, mind to sen' him home to Briney, an' a grain o' hay along with him. You'll not forget that now, Jack."

Jack made a very wry face about this proposition, but he felt compelled to assent.

"That's right, Jack, that's right, thanky. An' now I needn't any more fear thon people upcastin' that to me, for to tell you Gospel thruth, it used to make me blush. Thanky, Jack, thanky. An' farewell, Jack," says he ; "farewell ! Here's runnin' wather, an' ye know I daren't cross it. Farewell, Jack, farewell ! I go back with an aised mind. An' thrust me, I'll quickly make the Glackins lie low an' sing small for the remainder of the wee time I'll be nabourin' them Thondher. Farewell, my dear an' dutiful son, Jack ! An' don't look back."

III.

OVER all the parish the word had gone that Una Kelly was matched on Dan Lafferty, of Cronasliabh, and was to be married on him within a fortnight. And we all said, "God help poor Una, but we could aisily have wished her betther!"

Dan Lafferty, too, had already as good as bespoken his party.

But suddenly and unexpectedly the word flew round that the match was broken off! And by none else than her Uncle Jack! And, furthermore, that Thady M'Glinchy (God prosper him! and her, too!) was now to be the happy groom!

There was never a doubt of it. Confirmation was quickly forthcoming, for Thady, next night after the startling rumours took wing, asked his party, commencing with poor Briney *Ban*, the hawker, but the gayest and most rollicking, and maybe best-beloved soul in the parish.

And Micky Melly, in John the shoemaker's, a few nights later still, asserted and proved that "after all Jack 'Martin wasn't aither the mane man or the

neygard he was mistook for, bekase he, Micky, saw Jack for the past two mornings catch Briney *Ban's* ass in his garden of force-grass, and, lo an' behoul' ye! what did he do? Sent him not to the poun', but str'ight home to Briney, an' the present of a shaif o' corn along with him!"

One St. Patbrick's Day.

I.

PARTY spirit never ran high at the Bocht—never created an unbridgable gulf of bitterness. Only in one month of the year was it at all much in evidence. Of course, as you have anticipated, that month was July. At the Bocht, it is, I presume, almost superfluous to state, we had an Orange Lodge where the Carrig boys, under the inspiring title of the Children of Freedom and William, met and caroused right joyously to the honour of their generic father, and the profit of Padh Lafferty (who maintained a private Still), upon festive occasions, and who likewise on the one great and glorious anniversary of the year, their ranks swelled by the accession of contingents of their much-scattered brethren who dwelt among the Philistines elsewhere, processioned, demonstrated, orated, whereased, and resolved for the edification of

Ulster, upon Carrig Alt. Accordingly, as each year this great day approached, the party microbe took the air, and few if any of us escaped the infection. From the first day of July, a silent but certain process of division into sheep and goats went daily forward in our midst, nor did we permit our feelings and sympathies to commingle with anything like the usual freedom and fellowship, till hot July, an extinct volcano, had taken its place in history. In our North country the instigation of all this is climatic, and we are no more to be blamed therefor than are the citizens of Timbuctoo for their woolly heads. During the other eleven months of the year we were as neighbours, and good neighbours, should be—all sheep, or haply all goats, or sheep and goats indifferently. And as throughout that trying month, be our feelings what they might, we contrived to bridle them, so no malevolently bitter utterance escaping either side, remained to fester and annoy. And to succeed in this Christian policy, we, on our side at least, flattered ourselves was a bit of unprecedented heroism. For, on the great Twelfth, to be compelled to retreat into one's house (to save one from *oneself*), as the tide of fifeing and drum-

ming rolled up the road, and, unseen, with black and gathered brow, to peep over the slit at the top of the closed door, at that endless array of Orange-bedecked boys stepping forth in time, with such taunting and defiant carriage, and to see Archie Baskin (whom you thought your best friend), swaggering along in front of the fifes—drum-major—aye, swaggering, as if he would shake off his shoulders ; all because he knows well (the scoundrel !) that *you* are watching him ; and Eden Darling, too, his head tossing so impudently, keeping time to the infernal rub-a-dub he is leathering out of his confounded drum, his arms going like a windmill in a hurricane ; and worse and worse, that jenny wren of a weaver, that nine of whom knocked into one wouldn't make a decent man—Watty Farrell, with his four foot something of pitiful carcase ! to see *him* strutting, flashing glances to the right and to the left as much as to say, "Look at me !" and then with a grin of intolerable pride, looking up to the flag he carries waving over head—his own hide would make a yellower—to be compelled (for you can't help it) to observe all this, and then to keep your tongue quiet and your itching fingers at rest—that, that is heroism, or I don't know what colour's black.

But when, a month or two later, Eden has stolen a day from his own harvest to give you a hand laying down the grass in the Long Meadow and another day fetching home the hay ; and when Archie Baskin comes borrowing of you almost everything you own, barring the shirt on your back (and, indeed, to tell the truth, the day he went to ask the wife he borrowed even that), you are more than grateful to yourself that you did manage to overmaster the (after all) little temporary irritation. As for poor Watty Farrell, the soul—why, you come to laugh right heartily at the conceit of him, and to acknowledge that, ferocious as he'd have you believe the four foot something of him is, you would go through fire and water to prevent harm being done to a hair of the droll wee creature's head.

And thus, thus after all, quietly, and without interchange of compliments, much less anything more tangible (as in Derry, for instance, where they frequently exchange some particularly hard facts—facts whose sequel is the ambulance), did we tide over the one critical period in our harmonic year. Always thus, with just one bare exception. That was the time when Barney Brian, single-handed, attacked and

routed all their host ; his weapon ridicule. Barney was the devil anyhow. Barney was driving his master's cart to the bog, on this day, for a load of turf. It was the Twelfth, and lo and behold ! when Barney rounded the bend just above the Two-mile water, what does he see coming towards him, with drums beating, and flutes tooting, and colours flying, and themselves strutting, but the whole Orange procession. And the minute they saw Barney, the ghosts of his thousand galling sarcasms rose up before them. Now, now was the day of vengeance—the hour and the men were come. Now must Barney be dazzled, and struck (figuratively) dumb for the remainder of his days. As one man, the hundreds braced themselves to renewed efforts. Barney had drawn up his cart close unto the hedge to allow passing-room to the gathering. On, then, they came, the fluters fluting, and drummers drumming, and stalwart fellows strutting as they seldom fluted, and drummed, and strutted before. One half-glance of lofty and withering scorn from the tail of its eye was all the notice the procession, as it passed him, feigned to vouchsafe Barney. *Feigned*, I said, for in reality the one thought that engrossed it, from

Archie Baskin in the front to Rab Bawsmen in the rear, was that now, now, and henceforward till the end of his days, Barney Brian's spirit was broken and his wicked heart humbled. Barney sat easily on the corner of his cart-cage, with passive enough exterior, until almost the final ranks were passing. Then, easily too, but with a distinctness of tone that bore every painful syllable to the listening ears in even the front rank, he said :

“ Well, boys, are yez goin' to the sprit fishin'¹ ? ”

Touching his horse, Barney whistled up right merrily, “ Pathrick's Day in the Mornin' ” ; and with now bowed head the procession went its way.

II.

BUT I set out to tell of one Saint Pathrick's Day.

On the eve of this particular one the Widow's Pat was sitting in his own wee box of a cabin, with four or five of us keeping him company. Rather—for the

¹ A very diminutive fish.

Widow's Pat was as entertaining as a novelist—he was keeping us company. .

“By the lomminty, yis, the morra's Pathrick's Day,” Pat was saying, echoing a remark made by one of us.

From over Pat's head was immediately re-echoed, “Pathrick's Day ! Pathrick's Day ! Long life to ye, Pat !” It was Pat's parrot. It went on, “Pathrick's Day ! here's for ye !—Pathrick's Day ! here's for ye !” and the bird whistled the air with a very fair precision.

“There's Poll for ye—Poll for ye ! Pat, *a gradh*, how do ye like it ?—how do ye like it ? Now Poll wants a sweet cake.”

Pat was mightily pleased, for he lifted an upturned bowl on the dresser, and, abstracting three small cakes from a pile there stored, gave all three to the bird ; which, by way of what it probably conceived to be polite acknowledgment, thereupon said :

“The devil thank ye, Pat !”

“That,” said Pat, with much indignation, “that is the tuthorin' young Toal a-Gallagher giv' it here, a while of a day he got me away. In throth, and I sayed it, I'll wring the wee aftercrap's neck for him” (meaning Toal).

This latter part of the sentence evidently had a ring about it that caught Poll's fancy, for he paused in the task of demolishing a sweet cake, let the piece in his mouth drop, planted his head first on one side, then on the other, and finally inclined it archly towards Pat, as if desirous of having the vituperative sentence repeated.

But Pat only shook his head at us with serious meaning ; so, after a fruitless wait, it attacked its cakes ferociously.

When Nancy Haran's Jamie was going off again in a Baltic trading boat, he had asked Pat—for whom, in common with the rest of us, he had a great affection—what present he would wish him to fetch next time. Pat, who had always a hankering after a parrot, and knew, generally, that parrots came from “furrin parts,” and supposed that all “furrin parts” lay on the same parallel, requested particularly he would fetch him a parrot, “wan he could larn to talk till him, same as Mickey Moore fetched home to his father.” And, faithfully, Jamie, on his way home a twelvemonth later, went down the Liverpool docks and purchased a very fine young parrot of a sailor aboard an Indiaman, and presented the Widow's Pat

with it, to the latter's intense delight. To the training of Poll, Pat devoted much serious attention, and by means of strict application and liberal rewards for competency (modelled on the school-prize system) which took the form of sweet cakes, he had fetched his pupil to a stage where he could acquit himself with *éclat* of half a dozen tunes whistled note for note as the master himself had acquired them, and of an illimitable number of phrases, not a few of which, like the last recorded above, being taught him by a staff of unpaid monitors (who always chose for their tuition times when Pat was elsewhere), were of a kind not suited for the drawing-room. But if the mischievous things instilled into the bird had been double as many and double as bad, all were redeemed in Pat's eyes by its fine execution of his two favourite tunes, "Pathrick's Day" and "The Wearin' o' the Green."

When, now, we had admired and praised the parrot to its owner's hearty satisfaction and genuine pride, Pat recurred again to our interrupted subject.

"Yis," he said, "the morra's Pathrick's Day, glory be to goodness! And now isn't it the quare thing, it sthrikes me, that while a Twelfth o' July niver rowled

over our heads, aither in my mimory, or, I darsay, in the mimory o' any wan o' yez here, that the wee handful of Orangemen that's among us hasn't tantalis'd the sowl out of us with their dhrummin', an' marchin' and shakin' their dhirty flags undher our noses, we niver yit showed Sent Pathrick the respect we should, an' the respect that's his due, by turnin' out like men, an' Walkin'¹ likewise, to show the stuff we're made of, an' show the Orangemen we think as much about our Sent, and know how to honour him as high as ever they honoured King William. Isn't it or not the quare thing, I say?" and shutting his mouth with determination Pat glared round us.

"Throth an' it is," Toal a-Gallagher said, on reflection; and the rest of us then said: "Throth an' it is." But none of us were willing, or, perhaps, able, to hazard an original remark.

"An' why shouldn't we do as them?" Pat again indignantly interrogated.

By a unanimous silence we one and all confessed that we were quite unable to see why we shouldn't.

¹ The Twelfth of July procession is known in the North as "the Walk."

"Why shouldn't we, I say?" repeated Pat. "I'm sure there's seven Holy Romans in the parish forment every wan haratic—an' why, I say, haven't we the same right to honour Sent Pathrick, that dhruv out the reptiles, as they have to honour King William, that as far as I understan' dhruv nothin' but God's grace an' good luck out of the counthry? that's what I want to know!" and Pat was becoming very demonstrative.

"They do it in Darry," Padh Lafferty hazarded from behind John Burns' shoulders.

"To be sure they do," Pat replied. "An' if we only had the sperrit, ay, even the proper respects for our great Sent, that we should have, we'd do it here, too."

Anyhow, after much further debate, during which the Widow's Pat mainly, with many weighty and interesting arguments, held the ear of the house, it was concluded that, during the past we had, against our patron saint, been guilty of a great sin of omission, and it was penitently, albeit enthusiastically—if you can conceive these two emotions blending—resolved, that we should turn the proverbial new leaf, and taking Father Time by his much ill-used forelock,

demonstrate in honour of Saint Pathrick on the morrow.

"An' I'll give them all a thrate an' a surprise," Pat said, "be makin' Poll give them, in his most shuparior style, 'Pathrick's Day,' to wind up the evenin'."

And we all heartily approved of the good-hearted Pat's purpose.

III.

WHEN Mass had concluded, and Father Dan had in his own practical, effective style, enlivened with flashes of his own searching humour, treated us to an edifying discourse on the life and works of our Saint, and then given us his benediction, we did not scatter upon our several homeward ways as usual, but gathered in large knots in the chapel-yard—in knots in which conversation was brisk—excited even. A new departure in the established monotony of life at the Bocht was rare enough to cause a pretty commotion when such an unlooked-for thing did occur. Like an eddy-blast the rumour of a demonstration in honour of the Saint had

whisked around the whole congregation, and now, to the total eclipse of Dan O'Connell's latest strategy, and the Ware prospects, and prices at last Donegal fair, it occupied the mental eye of all of us ; and gave, too, a stimulus to every tongue.

Pretty soon the knot which held the pass towards the Bocht, and which, as containing the central figures—to wit, the Widow's Pat and his many friends, was the largest and most important, and most excited, began to increase its proportions by receiving many tributary little knots that broke off from others here and there, till finally all the minor gatherings gravitated to it.

The Bocht was a mile from the Chapel by the direct and usual line. But a council of war being held, it was decided to make as much as possible of the occasion, and march upon it by a circuitous route of close upon three Irish miles, securing in this way the double advantage of edifying, as well as being admired by, a great district of our co-religionists, and likewise of marching in proud and solid phalanx through Carrig, the stronghold of the Enemy.

The Widow's Pat, with many willing hands to aid, marshalled us as nearly as they could in that proud

order in which the Orangemen marching used to tantalise us. As nearly as possible in that order, I said. And perhaps, for a first attempt at marching, the order obtained was tolerable. But, wanting anything that might even create the idea of a flag—Pat's beautiful green handkerchief having been stolen off the bush that very morning, presumably by some of the Dhrimanerry boys who, going to early Mass, encountered the temptation, and fell—and it being sufficiently evident to the moving spirits that, in common with all peoples from China to Peru, the men of our parish needed something tangible, material, to excite and maintain their enthusiasm, the Widow's Pat, with rare ingenuity, quickly and effectually supplied this want, by affixing to the end of Corney Higarty's blackthorn stick a very large bunch of shamrocks, and availed him of the volunteer services of Donal M'Gurk, the blacksmith, to bear it aloft in front of the procession. The emblem, I doubt not, may seem modest, common-place, or still less, to you who are world experienced, but as we proudly, high-heartedly, tramped after it that day, it appealed more searchingly to our feelings than often a silken banner of green and gold to city-bred

gatherings of St. Pathrick's children. Though the Widow's Pat both looked and felt proud, ay, vain, as like a General-Commander he marched by the side of the front rank, keeping his watchful eye, it seemed, on everything at once, I have very little doubt that by far the proudest, and immeasurably the happiest, was Donal M'Gurk, who, I may add, got a *cruit* (from which he suffered painfully for a week after) in his neck, owing to his belief that it was the proper thing for him, in particular, to set the good example of keeping his eyes respectfully and immovably fixed upon the bunch of shamrocks which he reared aloft.

The excitement which we created throughout the country as we went was very flattering to us. Startled ones, unaware of our coming till we burst upon them, sped in advance along the hillsides to give their oblivious neighbours timely warning, that they might be the better prepared to enjoy the proud sight. And, accordingly, not only were the hillsides dotted with admiring groups who cheered us, and waved green handkerchiefs in greeting and encouragement, but at the foot of every lane small crowds were assembled who seemed almost as proud of us as we ourselves were.

But it was as we entered the townland of Carrig, wherein every second roof sheltered an Orangeman, or two or three, according to the number of grown-up sons in the family, that we became truly jubilant. True, when the Orangemen marched through our townlands they neither said nor sang anything we could make a handle of with which to cast up to them their bitterness; so we likewise imposed a restraint upon our tongues. But, in a now far prouder step, with more vexing head-toss and generally more defiant bearing, we found almost sufficient outlet for our crowding feelings. Yes, this *was* recompense to our souls, for many and many a Twelfth of July we agonised in silence; for there sure was the door of every Orangeman's house in Carrig shut close and fast, and—we didn't doubt it, we *knew* it—the Orangeman himself, with glaring eye to slit or keyhole, grinding his teeth and clenching his fist and using strong language to himself to ease his surcharged breast.

As we had expected, we carried Carrig without getting one glimpse of the cowardly enemy. It had been looked forward to, and was now acknowledged, as the most glorious event of the day.

Yet we knew not what was to come: Watty Farrell, the wee four-foot nine weaver, and withal the most rabid and fiery Orangeman in the North-West, lived ahead of us still—in Pulbochog, and on the wayside. Now it was marvellous to think how the soul of Watty could be contained within such a miserable body: corporeally, he was both so diminutive and weak, that it was great amusement for Masther Whorisky's scholars passing home that way—in case they found Jimimie, Watty's burly sister and housekeeper, absent—to select a wiry one of their number, dare Watty to wrestle him; who when warmly enough provoked, rested his shuttle, and sallied out with the intention of “makin’ a holy example of the imperent rapscallion,” with the—to them—uproariously entertaining result, that their champion, plucking the slight and quivering form of Watty from its hold on mother earth, hoisted him aloft, and then laid him, kicking and threatening, lengthwise upon the road. Corporeally, thus, he was insignificant enough—so insignificant-looking that few who didn't know him intimately would have guessed, what was nevertheless the undoubted truth, that Watty, by some unexplainable mystery, had

within that dwarfed frame a spirit and a soul unfitting, it might well be imagined, any mortal beneath the stature of a Finn MacCumhaill.

Out of his window Watty must have seen us approaching, for while we were yet a goodly distance from him, we could see him, on the road in front of his own door, waving his arms and acting as one labouring under strong mental excitement. On a nearer approach we perceived that he waved in one hand something of the nature of a club; but getting yet nearer, it was seen that the weapon which he brandished was, *per se*, suggestive less of brawl and battle than domestic economy—it was Jimimie's beetle.

Watty was progressing with a defiant song. When we got within the sphere of his bawl, the words that greeted our ears were :—

“ ‘ And Darry's sons alike defy
Pope, thraitor, or Purtender,
And peal to heaven their 'prentice cry—
Their pathriot “No Sirrendher” !’

“No Sir-r-rendher ! Whiroo ! A livin' sowl o' yez won't, with God's help, pass Watty Farrell's this bliss'd day, without yez thramp over his dead

body!" and Watty, with clenched fist, struck his pinched chest a sounding blow, the "Whiroo! No Sir-r-r-rendher!" which he at the same time emitted, tended, all the same, to prove that that body was yet very instinct with life.

Watty did look so really bloodthirsty and made such a lively demonstration with the beetle that he actually stayed the front rank, and, as a consequence, the entire procession.

"Will ye girr out o' that, ye miserable *droich*,¹ ye?" said the Widow's Pat.

" ' But Darry had a surer guard
Than all that art could lend her ;
Her 'prentice boys the gates who barred,
And sung out : " No Sirrendher ! " ' "

replied Watty, making the most of his four foot nine.

"Will ye girr out, I say again?"

"Not while the thrue Orange heart within this chist heaves,"—and Watty spanned it with his hand—"will I allow a Papish procession to pass my doore livin'."

This was an awful threat, and uttered in Watty's most awful manner.

¹ The weakly, unthriving pig of a litter is the *droich*.

To give point to his argument he dramatically tapped with his unoccupied hand the menacing beetle.

"*Maise* ! bad scan to ye, ye snip o' the divil ! an' take an' hoist off yer wee bag o' bones out o' that afore we pave the road with them," said Corney Higarty, from behind the front rank.

"No-o o Sir-r-r-rendher !"

"Will ye girr out o' that, I ax ye a third an' last time?" said the Widow's Pat, in a voice, the awful judicial calm of which portended something dreadful if the command—for it was a command—were refused.

"No-o-o Sir-r-r-rendher !"

To all appearance the undaunted Watty was prepared to die in his tracks, and from the flourish of the beetle with which he accompanied his cry of defiance it was evidently not his intention to go like a lamb to the slaughter.

The Widow's Pat, his final command being refused, was, to the general disappointment, at the end of his resources. He had calculated on drawing off the enemy by the very force of his personality, and his calculation had failed.

But Donal M'Gurk came to his aid. Donal, temporarily transferring the guardianship of the standard unto Pat, advanced upon the weaver.

"By the conscience of Crummil," said Donal, as, successfully dodging a well-intended blow from Watty's beetle, he got the little fellow by the nape of the neck with the powerful grip of his big hand, and lifted him bodily off the ground—"by Crummil's conscience, ye're a cantank'rus nadger—none more so from hell to Guinealand."

Holding the kicking and quivering form of Watty at arm's length off him, he carried him across the road amidst much merriment in which the two actors only did not join—for Donal was too solemnly serious in his business—and quietly and safely dropped him over the fence into a deep *sheuch* in Watty's own garden.

"Now, Pat, *a mhic*," Donal said, resuming his office, "start us on; in God's name."

We did start, but had not advanced a score of steps when, like one of the unburied Persian slain, the defiant Watty was again before us, brandishing over head his beetle, and hurling out a yet more resolute

"No-o-o Sir-r-r-endher!"

The Widow's Pat, nonplussed, scratched his head with vexation.

He hadn't it in his heart to harm Watty, so, with persevering faith, he recurred to his original tactics. He conjured up into his countenance all the ferocity his soul could find or feign, as he bawled at him :

"Will ye girr out o' that, I tell ye again, afore I do somethin' I'll be sorry for?"

But Donal M'Gurk didn't wait to let Pat put his awful threat into execution. Relieving himself of his office once more, he advanced again upon Watty.

Smarting under the indignity Donal had just put upon him under the eyes of full two hundred of his acquaintances, Watty glared at him like a roused wild-cat, as he came on, and, surer of aim this time, delivered a sounding blow upon Donal's cast-iron skull.

"Hurroo! It's as hollow as Popery! That's one blow for the gloryus—"

But he got no further. Donal had him by the throat, and with all the strength of his very powerful arm was shaking him as a terrier would shake a rat.

"Ha-a-a! ye vinimous wee sarpint out o' hell, ye

it's well the divil couldn't put more stren'th in that winnel-sthraw of an arm of yours. Ha-a-a ! ye spit-fire o' the divil, I'll shake the wee sowl-case out o' ye ! Ha-a-a ! for three fardens wouldn't I sen' ye down to shovel up coals to keep King Billy warm ! Ha-a-a, ye miserable jinny-wran ! who'd have thought ye'd have the spunk to face a tom-cat ! Ha-a-a !" and at every "Ha-a-a !" Watty got another unmerciful shake. The eyes were starting from his head, and he was gasping for breath.

But now, when Donal's exasperation had evaporated, he found—regardless of the proprieties of metaphor—that the weaver was a white elephant on his hands. He wasn't just portable enough for Donal to carry along till he'd go asleep ; and, on the other hand, if he quitted his hold on him, he rightly foresaw unpleasant reprisals. What was he to do ?

Eureka ! A huge tub lying outside Watty's door caught Donal's eye. He bore thither—in the same ignominious fashion in which he had before borne him—his wriggling capture, and planking him by its side, called upon Corney Higarty and Padh Lafferty to—crowning disgrace !—invert the tub upon Watty. But Barney Brian, who, of course, was in the ranks,

forestalling them, jumped forward and light-heartedly essayed the task himself. Even as the tub, like some horrible machine of the Inquisition, was raised over Watty Farrell's head, he attempted to give utterance to something—but vainly—for he hadn't yet got his breath ; yet we fancied we knew what he would have said—the pertinacious little scoundrel !

Like a huge extinguisher the inverted tub descended—Donal lent his unoccupied hand—down, down, down it went, suppressing its victim fold on fold beneath, till at length the mouth rested unsteadily upon the ground. On the upturned bottom mounted the villain Barney, and, *con spirito*, whistling up a very lively tune, performed with elegant grace and enviable activity a delightful hornpipe, to our uproarious enjoyment. But scarce had the last sound of Barney's agile heel ceased to reverberate on the timbers of the tub when, from under the lower edge of it, we caught a glimpse of a mouth and nose, and our ears were assailed with a squeaking, distressful, but withal defiant—

“No-o-o Sir-r-r-rendher !

IV.

REASONING was thrown away on that man. That was plainly seen. So, lest the weight of the tub itself were insufficient to keep him down, we were in the act of carrying a few large stones off the garden wall to lay them on top, when the startling alarm was raised :

“Marcy look down on us! Here comes Jimimie!”

Down the hillside towards our front, with enormous strides, sleeves rolled back off her huge forearms—for, strange to say, Nature seemed to have economised in Watty in order to grow lavish in Jimimie—and her exaggerated auburn locks unloosed and floating behind, Jimimie, who on her way over the hill had been in time to witness the last indignities bestowed upon Watty, swept onwards, the dread personification of an avenging fury! Our spirits, which, from an aggravated mood, were, on seeing how we had turned the tables—which is to say in this case the tub—upon Watty, fast slipping into a merry vein, were instantly chilled by the shadow of that figure which now loomed close upon the hillside.

As Jimimie came on in front, there was but one reasonable course open to us—namely, to beat a retreat—not a hasty (that would have been ignominious), but an accelerated one. And to Pat's credit it must be recorded that he conducted it in a masterful fashion. There was not, as might well, indeed, be anticipated, any extraordinary confusion. If, as indeed I will not presume to deny, fear seized the hearts of many, they did not permit any extravagant manifestation thereof. Comparative order and regularity prevailed. And, through the creditable tactfulness of Pat and his assistant marshals, the gathering, throughout the retreat and as long as any apprehension of pursuit lasted, more or less maintained its integral character as a procession.

For the purpose of reconnoitring and ascertaining the enemy's intentions, a halt was called at the bend of the road, a quarter of a mile off.

Jimimie had swept down the hill like an avalanche. She had evidently conceived the idea of giving spirited chase ; but when already past the house she suddenly halted in her course, turned, and approaching the tub, up-ended it and lifted her wicked brother : she stalked into the road again, bearing Watty under one

arm, in the same fashion a mother might carry her fractious youngster when she has discovered him in another forbidden act. Whilst the one arm held unconcernedly the sprawling form of the little weaver, she raised the other, and solemnly and awfully shook her clenched fist at us. Then she bore Watty within doors. Corney Higarty said feelingly, "Lord ha' marcy on you now, Watty Farrell!" to which we responded with an ominous "Amen." Though Jimmie was, as may be anticipated, blessed with lungs of exceptional power, we, of course, had heard not one word of what she said. We had heard not, but yet we well knew the burthen of her discourse. And so much did it impress us, that not all the threats of Corney Higarty, and bravado of Donal M'Gurk, and persuasive logic of Widow's Pat, combined, could draw or drive us on that route to the Bocht. And it did not require the eloquence of either of the three to show us that if we sought a new way whereby to march upon it, we made ourselves the never-failing source of merriment to all the countryside while grass grew green.

However, we persuaded ourselves that, after all, we had had a fairly successful day. We had

done signal honour to Saint Pathrick, and made the Carrig men experience those feelings under which we had so often writhed on bygone Twelfths, and had indicated to them, and to all the parish, with the exception of one termagant (whom, after all, nobody of sense would mind), our right to march in proud processional order, after the emblem of our country. So by mutual consent we disbanded, each group taking what way it list—only the Widow's Pat, whose vain-glory was not yet satiated, invited all who would to accompany him to the Bocht—for which they would take to the hill, as a short cut, and also as giving a wide berth to "that varago," as Pat designated the outraged Jimimie—where he had a treat in store for them; something yet a mystery, well worth travelling the length of the parish to see and hear.

At the Bocht the world was still fresh and be-hidden with novelties to the most ancient of us; and, given an idle day, and a *mehel* of fellow-idlers to accompany, the temptation of a journey—no matter how long—with a surprise at the end of it, was, alas! too strong for our weak human nature to successfully resist.

Accordingly, as soon as Pat jumped the fence, four score pairs of heels cleared it after him, and with agile bounds followed him up the hill, as he struck a bee-line for his home.

Pat's cabin was on the brow of a hill backwards from and overlooking the hamlet.

"Pat, *a mhic*," Mistress Toal a-Gallagher delayed him passing through the hamlet to say, "I do thrust in Providence everything's as it should be above in yer wee house, but meself didn't count less nor seven o' the Carrig boys laivin' from that diraction not much more nor an hour ago. An' Nancy Haran, she tells me she seen a sthring o' them, be the same token, hangin' about the ditches nigh to it afore you wor right gone off till Mass."

Pat received this intelligence with much concern.

"Och," said he cheerily, "I suppose the Carrig boys were lookin' to see if any o' the *birdins* had begun to build yet about ditches. They wouldn't make nor meddle with anything consarnin' me."

"Well, I thrust in Providence that was all they wor doin'. But, all the same, meself mistrusts the same lads. They're bad pigeons are the Carrig boys. I was often more surprised than I'd be to hear that

they got tuppence worth o' paint, an' painted yer doore orange—or maybe turned yer parrot's coat from green to yalla!"

Ah, this last was a disturbing suspicion. Pat gasped for breath when he heard it. He knew the Carrig boys of old, and knew that they were fit for anything and everything that was bad, not excepting the gallows.

The speed with which Pat flew up the hill was little short of surprising. Only the fleetest of us kept foot with him.

To Pat's partial relief the door presented that indefinable colour which is brushed on only by the tardy hand of the painter Time. And to his total, and joyful, relief, the parrot still disported his own jacket of beautiful green.

Pat sat down, and wiped the sweat off his brow. The outdistanced ones came filing in at the door, and, on finding everything so satisfactory, felicitated Pat.

"Troth, an' I wouldn't for a dale that the Carrig boys had intherfaired with Poll's colour," Pat said. "Poor Poll!" and he stroked the head that was thrust through the bars to him. "Now, boys, for the

thrait I promised yez. Yez may thravel far an' see much, an' not see the likes o' this. Come, Poll! 'Pathrick's Day,' Poll!"

Poll lowered his head, and gazed at Pat over his skull.

"'Pathrick's Day,' Poll! 'Pathrick's Day,' purty Poll!" Pat went on encouragingly; and, to stimulate him, whistled a bar of it himself.

Poll listened, first with the left side of the head, then with the right, then for a moment intently observed the motions of Pat's lips. Finally Poll sounded an indistinct note on his own account.

"That's it, Poll! 'Pathrick's Day,' purty Poll!" said Pat again.

Poll immediately hopped forward into the ring suspended in the cage—Pat, a pleased smile overspreading his broad features, motioned us for our best attention—and immediately the parrot whistled up in right spirited style "THE BOYNE WATER"!

"There's Poll for ye! Poll for ye! Pat, a *gradh*, how do ye like it? How do ye like it?" the villainous animal roared out; and with brazen effrontery concluded, "Now Poll wants a sweet cake!"

The Carrig boys—the infamous vagabonds!—had done much worse than paint him orange!

How poor outraged Pat restrained himself from wringing his neck, I know not.

Corney Bigarty's Interview with the Devil.

CORNEY was lolling in a very comfortable attitude, puffing his pipe, by the side of his own gay hearth, in his own little matchbox of a cabin, and, as usual at this time of night, he didn't lack for company.

"Yis, Parra *Mor*," Corney said, observing attentively the volume of smoke which he blew upwards—"yis, Parra *Mor*, I had a grate encounther,—the Lord save us!—with the Oul' Lad, but I'm sure you've h'ard it reharsed as often as there's fingers an' toes on ye."

"I've h'ard the passage reharsed often enough, heaven knows, but then I've nivir h'ard it from yourself—an' I'm sure, anyhow, I'd nivir be tired listenin till it, for it was a most merac'lous encounther."

"Throth, an' ye say right there, Parra—a merac'lous encounther it was, sure enough," said the Widow's Pat, hitching forward the fir block on which

he sat, in anticipation of the story. "An' sure enough, though I've heerd it from Corney himself as often as there's feathers on a moor fowl, I nivir would be tired or wearied hearin' it over again."

Then there was an expectant pause, during which Corney puffed away with apparent unconcern, and with meditative eye followed the mantling smoke.

He at length took the pipe slowly from his mouth, and, in orthodox fashion, wiping the stem upon his sleeve, passed it to Toal a-Gallagher.

"Toal, good man, have a dhraw."

"An' thanky, Corney."

"Well, Parra, ye see"—here the Bummadier hitched his seat, cleared his throat, and settling him in an easy position, addressed himself apparently to the blaze that danced from the log of fir on the hearth, gaily lighting—the only light of—the little cabin—"ye see it was the time Seumas Ban Mughan—him that lives the third house from the Calloway on the Ardvara road—was marrid on his second wife, Mary Gildea, from Carkir Wather (God be marciful to her! she's dead, now, poor woman). Oul' Donal Gildea, the bride's father, give no end of a spread; for three whole days there was aitin' an' dhrinkin' of

the best of everything, I might say, to all comers ; an' for three nights fiddlers' elbows were diddlin' from candle-light till cock-crow. The kitchen was as throng as the room ; the room was as throng as the kitchen ; an' the barn as throng as both together. I suppose such a time for aitin' and dhrinkin', singin' an' dancin', as well as shoutin' an' prancin', wasn't known in them parts for a long while afore, an' I misdoubt me if its like has been known since. There's people, an' they don't know when they get enough of anything—barrin' it would be fastin' or prayin' ; an' in them days I was wan such. An' I wasn't alone neither. So, lo an' behold ye, the evenin' the weddin' finished, meself an' three more, instead of goin' home satisfied an' contented, as Christians should, went staggerin' off to the Calloway shebeen on the ditarmination of havin' wan other regular night's card-playin' an' dhrinkin' to wind up the spree.

“ An', I declare to you, we had *that!* an' chaitin' into the bargain. For there was two of the lads came from the Glenties parish, an' upon my word, if they set themselves to chate ye out of the bend in yer elbow they'd do it, an' make ye believe ye nivir had

the lake. Lommonty Jacob! their bate I nivir knew since I was the height of a *buachaillin buidhe*—an' their bate I nivir want to know. Well, we played an' dhrunk, an' dhrunk an' played, from duskish of a winther's evenin' till nigh on wan o'clock, an' by that time every wan of us was knocked over—for, I shame to say, there went more whisky down our throats than would slake a lime-kiln—an', like on the fiel' o' battle, ivery sowl lay where he fell.

“I might a-been sleepin' an hour, or I might a-been sleepin' two hours, I could nivir for sartin say; but, anyhow, a big thirst overcome me, an' I woke up, an' *strachled* myself up on me chair. The fire was burnt down purty low. My eyes was naither well opened nor very clear, but I sees the shape of a lad sittin' on the other side of the fire from me, an'

“‘Brannigan,’ says I, ‘is that you?’ rubbin' me eyes, to thry to get a good look at him.

“‘No,’ says he, straight back, ‘my name isn't Brannigan.’

“‘An' who the divil are ye?’ says I.

“‘That's just me,’ says he.

“‘None of yer short answers, ye Glenties beggar,’

says I, for by his ill tongue I guessed he was wan of the Glenties men.

“‘Och, aisy, aisy,’ says he, ‘a civil tongue costs nothin’, so no man’s too poor to afford it.’

“‘Grobe about ye there for a candle, ye neygar ye,’ says I, ‘an’ sthrike a light till we get a look at yer ugly countenance—I’m as dhry as a powdher flask, an’ me mouth’s like a harvest thurf.’

“‘I foun’ that he got the candle afther small gropin.’

“‘I have ne’er a match,’ says I, ‘but just stick the end of it in the fire an’ it’ll soon light.’

“‘Thanky,’ says he, ‘for yer diractions; but they’re onnecessary.’ An’ he put the tip of his wee finger to the candle an’ it was lit:

“Then—for my eyes were full open by this—I seen the complete picthur.

“My three frien’s, poor fella’s, were still sthretched on the floor here an’ there—sthretched as if the carpenter was sent for to take their last misure, an’ no more sign of life in them nor in a sod ditch. The glasses was empty on the table—all but wan. That wan half-filled, an’ with the whisky jug at its side, stood by the elbow of the lad who sat fornenst me across the fire; an’ that lad was—the Divil!

"Yes, the sarra take the other it was nor Himself! He was loungin' backwards in his chair, his two feet stretched tor'st the fire, an' crossed over—an' the first thing I noted was that wan of them was as cloven as your Brannet cows, Parra *Mor!* He had his thumbs in of the arm-holes of his weskit. He was lookin' at me with a cur'ous kind of a smirk about his mouth, an' a fine lengthy tail whiskin' about behind him, as if he was in the heighth of enjoyment of a good joke. I was dumbfoundhered, I will confess; an' a grate dale put out. But the whisky was still in me head, it gave me a narve; an' I seen, besides, he was smirkin' with the satisfaction of the surprise he was givin' me, an' that same nettled me. 'Well, me oul' codger,' says I to meself, 'ye may have the upper hand o' me, but dang me if I let ye see it.'

"'Well,' says he, 'ye'll know me again when ye see me?' For, as ye may suppose, I was givin' him a good stare.

"'That same mightn't be hard,' says I, now givin' a knowin' look at his tail.

"With that he dhrew his tail in at wanst, an' curled it up out of sight.

“‘I’m thinkin’,’ says he, ‘me countenance isn’t out an’ out as ugly as ye thought?’

“‘Throth, an’,’ says I, liftin’ a block of fir an’ throwin’ it on the fire, all as wan as I wasn’t noways disconsarted—‘throth, an’,’ says I, ‘ye’ve just about sayed enough for it.’ Though, to tell thruth, barrin’ that there was somethin’ mortal black an’ forbiddin’ about it, the faytures was noways ill-favoured.

“‘Ha! ha!’ says he. ‘No matther—no matther; I’m glad to meet ye, Misther Higarty—mighty glad to meet ye.’

“‘Sorry,’ says I, ‘I can’t return the compliment.’

“‘Ha, ha, ha!’ says he, an’ he filled up his tumbler from the jug. ‘If yer manners was of a piece with yer wit, ye’d pass for a gintleman, Misther Higarty. Here’s to yer very good health,’ an’ he raised the glass to his mouth.

“‘Sir,’ says I, in the cuttingest way that I could, for I didn’t fancy his makin’ so familiar with my name—‘ye have the advantage of me.’

“‘Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I have that,’ says he. An’ he had to lay down the glass owin’ to a fit of coughin’ he put himself into, a dhrop of whisky goin’ with his breath—‘I have that!’ says he, with his hands on his

knees atween the fits—‘I have that, Misther Higarty! I have that! Ha-ha-ha-ancee-oh!’

“‘Ye make entirely too familiar with a man’s name, an’ we only slightly acquainted,’ says I, more nettled than ever.

“‘Never mind, Misther Higarty,’ says he, smilin’ a knowin’ smile, ‘we’ll have many opportunities ot improvin’ the acquaintance.’

“‘Besides,’ says I, ‘you haven’t toul’ me *your* name!’

“‘No more did you tell me yours,’ says he, with a wink.

“‘Like many another vulgar fella,’ says I, ‘ye have the names of your betthers on yer tongue without waitin’ to be toul’ them.’

“‘Very well,’ says he, an’ he cocked up his cloven foot undher me nose, makin’ me jump back with a start that put a *cruit* in me back-bone. ‘Do ye see that? An’—here he uncurled the tail again, an’ swirled it roun’ his head, an’ over both shouldhers—‘an’ that?’

“‘Bad manners to ye,’ says I, thryin’ to sthraighten out me back-bone again, ‘isn’t that a nice way to intrhroduce yerself to a gintleman! An’ yer *spag*,’¹

¹ An ugly big foot.

says I, 'isn't so purty but ye might keep it at home till it's called for !'

"With that he lay back farther in his chair, an' went into regular fits with the laughin'. Then he put his finger into his weskit pocket an' dhrew out a pipe filled an' all, an' puttin' it intil his mouth he put the tip of his wee finger to it, same as I might put a match to mine, an', I declare, in less time nor I say it, the pipe was reekin' like a fire of wet thurf.

" 'Purty handy, ain't it ?' says he, seein' me gapin' at it in wondherment.

" 'Purty handy, faith,' says I.

" 'I could put into *your* small finger the same vartuey,' says he.

" 'Thanky, sir,' says I, turnin' up me nose.

" 'An' I could give ye a sight more powers nor that, too,' says he.

" 'Could you, throth ?' says I sharply again.

" 'I could,' says he ; 'an' ye'd nivir know want or woe on this side the grave.'

" 'Nor on the other?' says I, givin' him a hard look.

" 'Oh,' says he, a wee bit put out, 'that's another matther,' says he. 'Ye'll have to take yer chances as regards that.'

“‘As I sayed,’ says he, goin’ on again, an’ puffin’ the pipe, an’ watchin’ the smoke curlin’ up (an’, be the same token, bluer-lookin’ smoke I never saw, an’ he smell of it wasn’t a thrait, naither)—‘As I sayed,’ says he, ‘naither want nor woe ’ill be yours—an’ that’s not all, naither. Now, there’s Tammas M’Cahill,’ says he, ‘of the wee Ainey, that ye’re an-owin’ a gridge to since the Lammass Fair. Well, ye can make Tammas, him an’ his, melt like the snow aff the ditch as aisy as tell yer name. Will ye take a dhraw?’ an’ he offered me the pipe across the fire.

“‘I’m obliged to ye,’ says I, drawin’ back from the pipe, ‘but I’ll have to get ye to excuse me.’

“‘Oh, no offence—no offence,’ says he; ‘pardon me for the familiarity. An’, as I sayed, that’s not all, naither. The Major robbed yer father of the warm house an’ kindly farm that was his five-an’-twenty years ago. Well, ye can will it, an’ in twenty-four hours the Major ’ill be hangin’ from the *cupple* of his own barn, or lyin’ at the bottom of the deepest hole in Lough Na Mbreac-buidhe, or anything else ye please.’

“‘Humph!’ says I.

“‘An’ that’s not all, naither. Say the word, Mither Higarty, an’ from the brace to the door, an’ from the

floor to the ridge-pole, yer room 'ill be piled solid with goolden guineas. I have a little dockymint here,' says he, puttin' wan paw into his breast, 'an' ye've only to put yer name to it an' the whole thing's done. Do ye write?'

"'It's onfortunate,' says I, glad of an aisy excuse, 'but me education was more or less neglected in that way!'

"'Oh, no matther, no matther,' says he, dhrawin' out an' openin' up a long, stiff paper. 'No matther,' says he, 'ye can make yer mark, anyhow, can't ye?'

"'The divil that he was, he was detarmined to have me in a corner, whether or no.

"'Well,' says I, grippin' a good hard houl't o' the tongs lest it should come to that, 'they tell me I was always a fairish good hand at that, an' I darsay I'll be able to laive me mark again, if need be.'

"'Oh, Misther Higarty, Misther Higarty, I only axed ye a civil question,' says he.

"'An' I considher I have given ye an' oncommon civil answer—for wan that's so inquisitive,' says I.

"'Don't misundherstand me,' says he; 'I only maint to sarve ye a good turn. Full an' plenty in this life, an' yer chances afther.'

“‘All right,’ says I; ‘I’m more nor thankful for the considheration ye show a sthranger, but I’ll choose for meself. Small an’ scanty in this life, an’ then me chances afther, ’ill do *me*,’ says I.

“‘Oh, plaise yerself,’ says he; ‘plaise yerself. But let me tell ye (atween ourselves two), I wouldn’t give much for your chances, my buck.’

“‘It doesn’t look that way,’ says I, eyein’ the paper he was returnin’ to his breast.

“‘No matther for that,’ says he, buttonin’ up his weskit; ‘ye know yerself the sort of life ye have been leadin’. Your chance is like Pat Managhan’s heifer in the Ware-day, thon time, a slendher wan.’

“‘Forewarned,’ says I, ‘is forearmed. I have hat much to thank ye for, anyhow.’

“‘Well, well, Misther Higarty,’ says he, puttin’ the cloven foot intil the fire, through the very middle of the blaze, an’ stirrin’ up the burnin’ fir with it—‘there’s no harm done. I made a little proposition to you, as from wan gintleman to another’—here I give him me best bow, as acknowledgin’ the compliment he was kind enough to pay me—‘thinkin’ to confer a little favour on ye, seein’ that we happened to meet here sociably as gintlemen might; an’ you,

quite within your rights as a gentleman, politely but firmly refused it. I think,' says he, crossin' the wan leg airily over the other—'I think,' says he, 'that's about the size of it?'

"'Off an' on, thereabouts,' says I, dhrily enough. 'But I'd thank you to keep that *spag* of yours elsewhere than undher my nose.' For it vexed me the way he was danglin' the foot so unconcerned near a'most right up in me face.

"'Oh, oh, that's all right, it's all right,' says he, callin' home the *spag* at wanst—'it's all right,' says he, 'but no aspersions atween gentlemen, I pray ye. Call it a foot—a foot,' says he, 'not a *spag*.'

"'Anything ye plaise,' says I; 'I'll call it a toothpick if ye like, only keep it at home.'

"'Here's yer very good health again, Misther Higarty,' says he, an' he tossed off the remaindher of what whisky was in the jug.

"'Talkin' of *spags*,' says I, for I had my eye still on his, 'or feet, or toothpicks, or whatsomiver else ye choose to call them, would ye mind insensin' me into the raison of the shape ye have on yours?'

"'Oh, oh, Misther Higarty,' says he, stickin' it further away in undher his chair, 'these are parsonal

matthers, an' if you'd allow me, I think we needn't mind entherin' on them on this occasion.'

" 'Maybe so,' says I, 'but we'll scarce ever have another occasion.'

" 'Ho, ho, ho !' says he, with the most devilish chuckle I ever h'ard, 'let us hope, let us hope.'

" 'An' there's another manœuvre ye've got behind there,' says I, indicatin' the tail he was wallop'in' about right an' left behind him, as if keepin' off the flies, 'an' I can't for the life of me know the mainin' or use of it ?'

" 'In a jiffey the tail was curled up an' stowed away out of sight.

" 'Now, Misther Higarty, I appeal to ye as atween gintlemen,' says he, 'to overlook parsonal matthers, an' not to—not to—'

" 'Not to naither thramp on a man's corns nor thread on his tail,' says I, finishin' it for him. 'Very well an' good.'

" 'I propose,' says he, 'that ye'll have the goodness to let me help ye to a small glass of the sperrits of this house. I can recommend them—I can specially recommend them.'

" 'I'm obliged deeply,' says I, 'but does yer worship

obsarve that ye waited till ye got to the bottom of the jug afore axin' me had I a mouth on me ?'

" 'To the bottom of the jug, yes,' says he, 'but to the end of the sperrits, no. If you'll kindly pass me the pint bottle ye have in yer tail-pocket I'll do the honours,' says he.

"Sure enough, an' so I had a pint bottle in me tail-pocket, that I had bought early in the night intendin' to start for home—an', howsomiver it come, I never bruk it in my rowlin' about the floor.

" 'Ye're very kind indeed,' says I, 'but I'll not throuble ye this time.'

" 'Don't mention the throuble,' says he, shovin' out the *spag*, an' afore I could wink, tippin' my tail-pocket a nate little knock that sent the bottle flyin' right over me head, an' fallin' into his han'.

"He laughed hearty at my puzzled look, an' says he,

" 'Nately done that, wasn't it ?'

" 'If the bottle wasn't mine I might say it was,' says I, back.

" 'Oh,' says he, 'ye aren't losin' it by no means—ye'll get glass about with meself. Amn't I a good shot ?'

“‘Ye’re a good rogue,’ thought I to meself, but I didn’t say it.

“‘No,’ says he, pourin’ out a glass, ‘we’ll not delay all night over this dhribble; it’s wearin’ in the night, an’ I have to dhrop in on the Major yet, to see if he’s as dhrunk as usual, an’ roarin’ for more “Ponch ! an’ on three or four more of me clients, besides. I’m afther a good night’s journeyin’ this night already, an’ I looked in here to the Cálloway House, passin’, knowin’ well I’d be sure to find here some of my customers, an’ to get somethin’ to refresh me likewise. I wasn’t disappointed. Here’s yer very excellent health, an’ a long, jolly, an’ wicked life to ye, Mистер Higarty,’ an’ he threw over the glass.

“‘Excuse me,’ says he, ‘havin’ the ‘ill manners to help meself first, but times are so busy, an’ me hands so full lately, that to tell truth,’ says he, looking down at himself, ‘I’m growin’ quite a bear. But by-an’-bye, when thrade falls dull again, an’ I get braithin’ space, I intend brushin’ up me manners an’ conductin’ meself like the gintleman I should be.—Now, you’ll be so good as to throw off this little dhrop,’ an’ he filled up, an’ offered me a glass.

“‘Much obliged to ye again, sir, but I’m off,’ says I.

“‘Since when?’ says he, with a twinkle in his eye.

“‘No matther for that,’ says I, ‘I’m off it now an’ intend to remain so.’

“‘Ha, ha, ha!’ says he, ‘wan other pavin’ stone for my half-flure. I have three rood of it already paved, Misther Higarty, with your good intentions—an’ throth a very handsome pavin’ they make, few handsomer—three rood exactly, an’ this opens a fourth rood for ye—I have every hope of yer doin’ the acre out an’ out for me yet, afore ye come down to inspect it. Ha, ha, ha! Howsomiver,’ says he, offerin’ me the glass again, ‘this is only a small thimbleful, but good—surpassin’ good—throw it over, an’ don’t be makin’ a kirk an’ a mill of it. It ’ill do ye good.’

“‘What’s good for the chile is good for the nurse,’ says I, ‘just throw it over yerself.’

“‘Now,’ says he, ‘can’t ye have raison with ye. Just put it to yer head an’ taste it—out of regards for him offers it, an’ to show there’s no ’ill feelin’.’

“‘Conshumin’ to you,’ says I, ‘an’ I wish both of you were as far as the divil could sen’ ye—’

“‘Eh? Eh? Aisy now—aisy. No ill names.

My name's Lucifire. Don't call me out of me name, please. I have me feelin's like other people.'

" 'Humph,' says I, 'they're purty far back in ye, then.' For he had his *spag* in the fire again stirrin' it up, an' quite disregardin' the blaze was all round it.

" 'When ye'll not accept of no little civility from me then,' says he, 'I'll be kind to meself, an' that's the way I'll 'arn the most thanks.' An' off he throws the tumblerful, an' fills himself out another, emptyin' the bottle,

" 'Me boy,' thinks I to meself, 'it's mighty cool an' imperent ye are, makin' so free with what isn't your own.'

" 'Ye see, Misther Higarty,' says he, as he up-ended the bottle to make sure he had it all with him, 'I don't mind helpin' meself a third time out of yer bottle, though they do say it isn't manners to help wanself even secondly—but then, Misther Higarty, I'm makin' me own o' you.'

" 'Throth, an',' says I, 'I would mighty prefer ye'd make a sthranger of me,'—not by no manes plaised with his freedoms. An' I begun to cast about me, an', 'Me laddo,' says I to meself again, as I eyed a little long-necked bottle in the bowl of the wall nigh-

by my hand—'me laddo, you'll soon be after makin' yerself scarce, or my name isn't Corney Higarty,'—for, I knew well, the same was the holy-wather bottle.

"'Speedy death to you an' a hard wan!' says the lad, as I reached me han' for it—for he knew well what I was up to. An' afore he give me time to get a sprinklin' of it, he levelled me with the jug was on the table; an' the last thing I knew was wan o' the tarriplest smells ever I want to feel, an' the house from its foundations shakin' an' rockin' like a cobblestone in an airthquake.

"In the mornin', sure enough, when I did come to me right senses again, they wanted to make me believe that it was all a dhrame. But the broken jug was beside me, the emp'y bottle was on the table, an' an open in me head ye might bury yer fist in. They sayed I got thirsty in the night, an' got up an' dhrunk the bottle, an' fell with my head atop of the jug.

"They sayed so, but I knew better.

"An' from that day forrid I thrust I have been a

betther man, an' a daicenter Christian. I never met
Himself since, an' with God's help, I hope never
will—aither here or in the next wurrl'."

Uby Tomás Dubb Walked.

TÓMAS's good woman reached to each of us a fine bowl of cream with an iron spoon in it of the size a hungry man likes.

"Musha, craythurs, it's stharriv'd with the hunger yez must be. Fill the far-lan's first out i' that pot, an' the minnit yez is done, I'll have yez brewed such a dhrap o' tay as 'ill rouse the hearts in yez."

Neither Tomás *Dubb* nor I needed much persuasion, other than that given by crying stomachs, to attack it with hearty good-will. Before the fire we sat, and we drew the pot between us, and, getting our legs about it, plunged in our spoons with small delay, ladling up the stirabout as right hungry men can, sousing it in the cream, and speeding it on again to our watering mouths ; for, when you've been on the

hills from early morning till late at night, and eaten but a few mouthfuls of oat-bread and butter in the interim, what with the walking, the running, the spieling, the sliding, what with the whiff of the heather, and with all the *feurgortach* (or hungry-grass) you must have tramped over, I'll warrant, though you have been the most dismal dyspeptic was ever on a doctor's books, you'll bring back an appetite with an edge like the east wind. Tómas and I fetched back just such appetites, and very little else, for I was (putting it mildly) an indifferent shot, and tried Tómas's temper sorely.

As Tómas had put it in anticipation, a fine pot of stirabout with a bowl of yellow cream proved "no mad dog to him," nor yet to me. Neither of us had time for a word. "Ivery time ye spaik it's a mouthful lost," was Tómas's maxim. We dug our ways through the pot from either side, till only the thinnest film separated our "claims," when Tómas rung his spoon in the empty bowl and said, "God be thankit!" on which I, too, feeling a sensation of

satisfaction permeating the far-lands, threw my spoon to the bottom of the pot with a "Thanks be to God, and Amen !"

And now Ellen was pouring out for us two large bowls of tea that was thick and as dark as a blind window.

"Do ye like yer tay sthrong, Jaimie?" she asked me.

"Well," I said, shaking my head doubtfully at the black flood she was pouring into the bowl, "my mother doesn't commonly make it *so* sthrong."

"An' there ye are now," she said. "That's how docthors differ. Tómas here wouldn't tell his name for tay if ye didn't make it as sthrong for him as the shafts of a cart."

"Why, I should think it a mortial bad plan to make a habit of takin' yer tay like that, Tómas *Dubh*," I said.

"Tay," Tómas said oracularly, as he gazed at it with a blissful expression in his eye—"tay," he said, "is niver no good—an' I'd as soon ye'd give me so

much dish-water to dhrink—if it's not made that a duck might walk on it."

I had grave doubts about this, but as Ellen had the bowls now creamed, and the piles of oat-bread and stack of butter at our elbows, I couldn't afford time to dispute it.

Tómas and I attacked the pile and the stack and the bowls of tea so bravely, and sustained the attack so spiritedly, that it was little wonder Ellen expressed the opinion that she "wouldn't like to be the aiting-house would do a big thrade with many such customers." We didn't stop to bandy compliments with her. And Tómas only passed two remarks during the demolition. He said: "Ma'am, if what yer bread wants in hardness was borrowed from yer butther, there'd be a big 'mendment on the two of them"; and later he said reflectively, "The back o' my han' an' the sole o' my fut to you, Meenavalla!" I gave him an inquisitive look, hereupon, whilst in the act of having what Tómas would call a good "shlug" out of my bowl; but Tómas was too intent

upon his business to mind my look. When Tómas felt both hunger and thirst allayed, and that, over and above, he had taken in something for positive pleasure, he pushed his emptied bowl from him, blessed him with all the fervour of a man satisfied with himself, Ellen, and the whole world, and winding up with another "God be thankit!" turned to the fire, drew out his short brown pipe and began to fill it; and I, feeling within that blissful sensation which pervades the breast of one who hungered and has fed heartily, did in every particular likewise.

"What put me in mind of it," Tómas said suddenly from out of the reek of smoke the little brown pipe was raising, "was your firin'."

I blew a spy-hole through my own halo of smoke, and tried to see Tómas on the other side of the fire.

"Put ye in mind of what?"

"Meenavalla. An' the way of it was, your firin' put me in mind of the Red Poocher's."

I didn't quite see the connection, but I asked, "An' what sort of shot was the Red Poocher?"

"The best from h—— to Guinealand."

"Yes?" I said, modesty and vain-glory struggling within me.

"An' then ye bein' the *worst* shot atween the same two dis-*tricts*, ye naturally put me in mind of him."

Now I did not, and do not, claim to be an expert marksman, but I confess the comparison, drawn as it was antithetically, hurt my feelings.

So I smoked on as silently as the asthmatic gully I pulled would permit. And Tomás, beyond the fire, proved himself my fellow—even his pipe noisily confessed the same weakness.

"Av coorse," Tomás said, after a couple of minutes, "ye knew I was gamekeeper at Meenavalla wanst!"

"I did."

"Did ye know what fetched me out of it?"

"It must 'a been that the owner considhered Tomás Dubh had too good a reputation, and was too honest, for to be wasted in Meenavalla."

"I was five years in Meenavalla"—Tomás sat upon

a stool so low that his knees stuck up on a level with his breast ; he rested his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, and told his story to the fire—"five years, an' contented in throth I was with it ; for me-self an' Ellen was snug an' warm, plenty to ait, an' not much to do, an' a fire all the winther would roast a quadhroopit. But the fourth saison there was an English jintleman from a place they call Hartfoord had the shootin' i' the place taken. But lo an' behold ye ! the first week in A'gust the weather was mortal fine, an' I was tempted to slip aff over to me mother's counthry to help her win the grain o' hay, for she was in the black need o' help—without a man-body nixt or near her wee place. Well, over to her, to Cashelaragan, I slipt for the week, an' put as much of her wee grain o' hay through me fingers as I could do in the time ; an' then back again. An' the first news met me slap in the face when I come back was, that I wasn't away the second night till the poochers was on the place, an' night an' nightly they had shot it for the remaindher o' the week !

“The curse o’ the crows light on the same poochers, an’ a hard bed to them! But when the English jintleman come, it’s the poor shootin’, Lord knows, he had : an’ the sweetest of tempers wasn’t his—small blame, indeed, to the man anondher the circumstances. He sayed he might as well have takin’ the elephant-shootin’ as the grouse-shootin’ of Meenavalla. He wanted to know was there e’er a chance of a loy-on or a bear, or any other baste o’ prey on the place, he might get the chance of a shot at. I, of coorse, toul’ him there was no loy-ons in this part o’ the wurrl’; an’ I sayed there was no bear barrin’ wan, an’ if he shot that wan he was liable to be hung for shuicide—”

“Are ye sure ye sayed that, Tómas?”

“Sartint sure—but it was when I got the rascal’s back turned. But I did tell him till his face wan thing. It was of a day he had the heart o’ me bruck with the *chirmin’* an’ *charmin’*, an’ the blasphemimin’ he carried on with. Siz I till him, ‘Yer honour,’ siz I, ‘there’s wan way, an’ if we could work it we’d get

frightsome big bags o' game, an' no mistake.' 'What way's that?' siz he, comin' till a stan' still. 'If ye can manage to put me on sich a way,' siz he, 'I'll make it well worth yer while.' 'Well, I'm mortal thankful to yer honour,' siz I, back again till him, 'an' the way's simple enough—if it only worked.' 'D—— ye,' siz he, lettin' a tearin' *ouns* (oath) out of him, 'an' out with it at wanst, till we hear what it's lake.' 'Well it's this, yer honour,' siz I. 'If ye could somehow or other manage to fetch down a grouse with ivery growl ye give, an' a snipe with ivery curse, we'd have mighty full bags ere we'd be long on the hill—do ye see?'

"An' faith he did see it, an' it's some poor body's prayer I must 'a had about me at the time kept him from puttin' the contents of his gun intil me sowl. An' I then larnt what Peadhar *Mor* the tailyer (God rest him!) used often tell me—that a madman an' an Englishman is two shouldn't be joked with.

"Anyhow, this lad took himself off in a fortnight with a bigger load of sin (I'm thinkin') than snipes,

an' he wrote a square parch of a complaint to Belfast, to Misther McCran, the owner o' the place, an' Misther McCran he give me the divil to ait over the business. He went within an ace of makin' me cut me stick; an' threatened that if iver he'd hear of a single brace of birds bein' pooched off the place again, I'd go, as sure as me name was Tómas.

"Well, glory be to goodness, when I come by a good thing I know it; an', small blame to me, I like to stick till it; so I sayed to meself, 'Tómas *Dubh*,' siz I, 'plaise the Lord ye'll sleep with wan eye open an' the other niver closed for the saisons to come, an' then ye'll be as wide awake as who's-the-other; an', from this out, the poocher who puts salt on your tail 'ill be as cliver a man as yerself.'

"Well an' good, the nixt saison come round, an' an Englishman again tuk the shootin' of Meenavalla. He was a Misther Bullock (Lord save us! what onchristian names them English big bugs do have), an' he owned wan o' the grannest houses, I b'lieve, from head to fut of London sthreet. Well, how-

somedivir, this Misther Bullock had took the shootin' this year, and when Misther McCran informed me of this, he toul' me also if there was as much as the mark of a poocher's heel found on all the place I would get laive to go thravellin' for me health."

"An' for yer appetite, eh, Tómas?"

"On or about the twelfth of A'gust I gets a letter from Misther Bullock himself to tell me he had another shootin' taken down the country in the neighbourhood of Glenveigh, an' that himself an' a frien' he was fetchin' with him would spend a week on the Glenveigh mountain first, an' then they'd dhrive up through the Glenties way on his buggy, an' take the next week out of Meenavalla; an' for me to be prepared for them on or close afther the twentieth. An' he sayed it was toul' him the lan' had been pooched last year, till the shootin' of it wasn't worth the powdher, and to remember that ~~he~~ wasn't goin' to stan' no sich nonsense; if there was a feather touched on the place he would shue me masther for all he was worth. 'Make yer mind aisy, me boy,' siz I when I

read his letter, 'about that. The poocher who wings a bird on Meenavalla atween now an' the twentieth, 'ill be a conshumin'ly cliver fellow, who's in the habit o' gettin' up afore he goes to bed at all.' And very good care I had been takin' for the three weeks gone that no poocher would look at it across a march-ditch; an' betther care still, if betther could be, I was goin' to take that gun's-iron (barrin' me own) wouldn't be levelled over it for the nixt eight days. For I was on it a'most day an' night, an' the tail of a poocher's coat never wanst showed; an' I was detarmined it should be so till the Big Fellow himself would step on the grass.

"It was just three evenin's afther the letter come that I was out as usual on the hill, an' I was havin' a couple of puffs at the grouse on me own account, when I noticed a thrap dhrivin' along the road below; an' half an hour afther, I sees Ellen on top o' the Skreg above the house, waivin' her shawl to me. 'Surely,' siz I to meself, 'it's not the Bullock arrived?' But when I reached Ellen, that same was the identical

news she had for me. An' I'll not deny that I give a hearty good curse. 'He seen me shootin', Ellen, as he come along the road, conshumin' till him!' But I hurried down to the house. Wan jintleman was coolin' the pony (a purty wan) up an' down the road; an' the other, who was my man, Ellen toul' me, was in the house. I put the boudest face I could on me, and marched in as undaunted as if I'd been only sayin' me prayers on the hill. But I knew be the scowl iv him I was in for it. 'Are you Gallagher?' siz he, quite short an' without reachin' his han' to me. 'Yis, yer honour,' siz I, removin' me hat, 'Tómas *Dubh* Gallagher—an' ye're mighty welcome to these parts,' raichin' him me han', and givin' him a mortial sight warmer shake hands than, I seen, he wanted. 'Was them poochers I seen on the hill, Gallagher, as I come along?' siz he—though mighty fine he knew who the poocher was at the same time. So, all things considhered, I thought it best to tell the thruth, an' shame the divil. 'No, sir,' siz I, 'it was meself.' 'What!' siz he, 'have *you* turned

poocher as well as presarver? Upon my word, a purty fellow, ye are! a purty gamekeeper! What did ye fetch down?' 'Nothin', please yer honour, siz I; for nothin' it was. 'Well, please goodness,' siz he, 'I'll not sleep in me bed the night till I report ye to yer masther, an' I'm now givin' ye warnin' of it.' I pleaded with him as best I could, and showed him the outs and ins o' the thing, but I might as well 'a been spaikin' Spanish to pavin'-stones: he was bound to report me, an' report me he would; for it had always been his opinion, he sayed, that afther all the cry-out again' poochers, there was no poochers worse nor the gamekeepers themselves—an' in the intherests of his brother-sportsmen all over the kingdom, he sayed, more nor in his own intherests, he'd have to report it. 'I see,' he says, 'ye got my letther,' tossin' it from him onto the table, for the letther had been lyin' in the windy from we got it; an' he had it in his han' when I come in. 'I wasn't to have come, as I sayed there, till the twentieth; but my sweetest curse upon all poochers—not for-

gettin' all gamekeepers—my sweetest curse on the whole assortment o' them, my Glenveigh place when I come on it was either pooched, or gamekeept, or both, an' I wouldn't have got a hamper of birds off it in a month. I have promised a great number of presents of fowls to my frien's in England—promised to have them with them in the first week, and it's lookin' purty like as if my promise is goin' to be bruck for the first time in me life—an' all through poochers an' gamekeepers, d—n them! Be ready,' siz he, afther he had foamed an' fumed up an' down the house, and cursed curses that I wondhered didn't burn a hole in the roof gettin' out—'be ready,' siz he, 'afore the screek o' day the morra mornin', an' be out with us till I see what we can find in the nixt couple o' days. In the manetime, go out an' house that pony, an' give him the best care Meenavalla can afford; yer wife 'ill make a little shake-down for ourselves, an' give us a bite of anything aitable, for our bellies is biddin' our backs good-morra with the fair dint o' the hunger.'

“The first sthray light wasn’t on the hill in the mornin’ till the three of us was there afore it, an’ us bangin’ away for all we were worth. The two jintlemen got intil betther humour when they found how plenty the birds was, and they fetchin’ them down like hailstones. But, behold ye, I used always feel more or less pride in meself as bein’ a purty dandy shot, but I can tell ye them two jintlemen very soon knocked the consait out o’ me ; the second jintleman was a pleasure to see shootin’ ; but to see the Big Fellow himself puffin’ powdher was a sight for sore eyes. That man, sir, could kill round a corner. Goin’ on forty years, now, I’ve been handlin’ a gun, an’ have come in the way of a good many sportsmen that knew what end of the gun the shot come out of as well as who’s-the-nixt, but that man’s aigual or anything comin’ within an ass’s roar of it I nivir yet did meet.

“ Anyhow, to make a long story short, we dhropped the birds so fast—or, I should say, *he* dhropped them so fast, for though we lowered a smart number enough

for or'nary Christians, it was nothin' at all in comparisonment with what he did—so fast did they dhrop that again' the third night he had the place purty lonesome enough of game. He had got all nicely hampered an' packed off; an' he started, himself an' his companion, off in their buggy nixt mornin', sayin' he'd have another thry at Glenveigh again, an' be back to Meenavalla wanst more in somewhat betther nor a week's time. Though both o' them graised me fist like jintlemen afore they went, he didn't seem to relent a bit about the report to Misther McCran—it was his solemn duty, he sayed, an' he couldn't overlook it.

“It was only the second evenin' afther, I was comin' down aff the hill, an' just as I had got onto the road, an' I cartyin' hung over the top of me gun, a brace of snipe I managed, by good managementship, to scrape up, when roun' the bend o' the road, afore I could say 'God bliss me!' comes a thrapp tearin', with two jintlemen on it. 'Bad luck to yez!' siz I, 'an' God forgive me for cursin',' dhroppin', at the

same time, both gun and birds, for I was sartint sure it was the chaps right back on me. But, in another minute, I seen I was mistaken, for naither o' them had the red whiskers o' my man : so I lifted me belongin's, an' went on whistlin'. When the thrap overtuk me, it pulls up, an' without as much as Good-morra, Good-evenin', or The devil take ye, the biggest-lookin' bug o' the two snaps me up with, 'How did you get them birds, me man?'

"'By goin' for them,' siz I. I knew it was an ondaicent way to answer a sthranger, but the boul'ness of him went again' me grain. 'Who are you, sir?' was the next imperence he outs with. 'I'm a son o' me mother's,' siz I, 'an maybe ye know me bettther now.' 'Maybe,' siz he, 'ye'll be so kind as to tell me where Black Thomas Gallagher, the gamekeeper, lives in these parts. 'Sarra be aff me,' siz I to meself, 'what's this, or who is he this, I've been saucin'?' 'Yis,' I siz to him, 'I think I can show ye that, bekase I'm the identical man himself.' 'Oh, indeed,' siz he, pullin' himself together, 'are ye,

indeed? I didn't think when I took Meenavalla for the saison that I had got sich a witty gamekeeper intil the bargain. I'm a lucky man, throth,' siz he, an' his naybour laughed hearty. I turned square on the road, an' I looks at him. 'Ye're anondher a great mistake, sir,' siz I; 'the shootin' o' this place has been taken by Misther Bullock of London.' 'Exactly,' siz he, 'Misther Bullock of London (which is me) has got the privilege of *payin'* for the shootin'; and his gamekeeper, be all signs, is to get the fun an' the snipes.' 'Come, now,' siz I, 'none o' yer thricks upon thravellers. Misther Bullock o' London was here the beginnin' o' the week, an' shot the lan' as clean as the day it was cree-aited, and there's not a jintleman from wan end to the other of London sthreet but maybe is at the present spaikin' sinkin' his tooth in wan o' the grouse, and wishin' to the Lord he was ten times hungrier.'

"But *mo bhron*! the face that jintleman (an' his naybour, too) dhrew on himself, when I sayed this, was somethin' frightsome to behould; an' may I

niver die in sin if the gun didn't shake in me han'. He thundhered out of him sich an oath as would be a godsend to a quarryman for splittin' rocks, an'—

"Ellen, *a chara*," said Tómas, "I misdoubt me this fire would be out long ago if ye hadn't the doore bouted. Throw a grain iv thurf an' another lump of fir on it, *a thaisge*."

"Well, Tómas?"

"Well, Jaimie?"

"I want to hear it out. *Was* that Bullock

"Conshumin' till him, iv coorse it was."

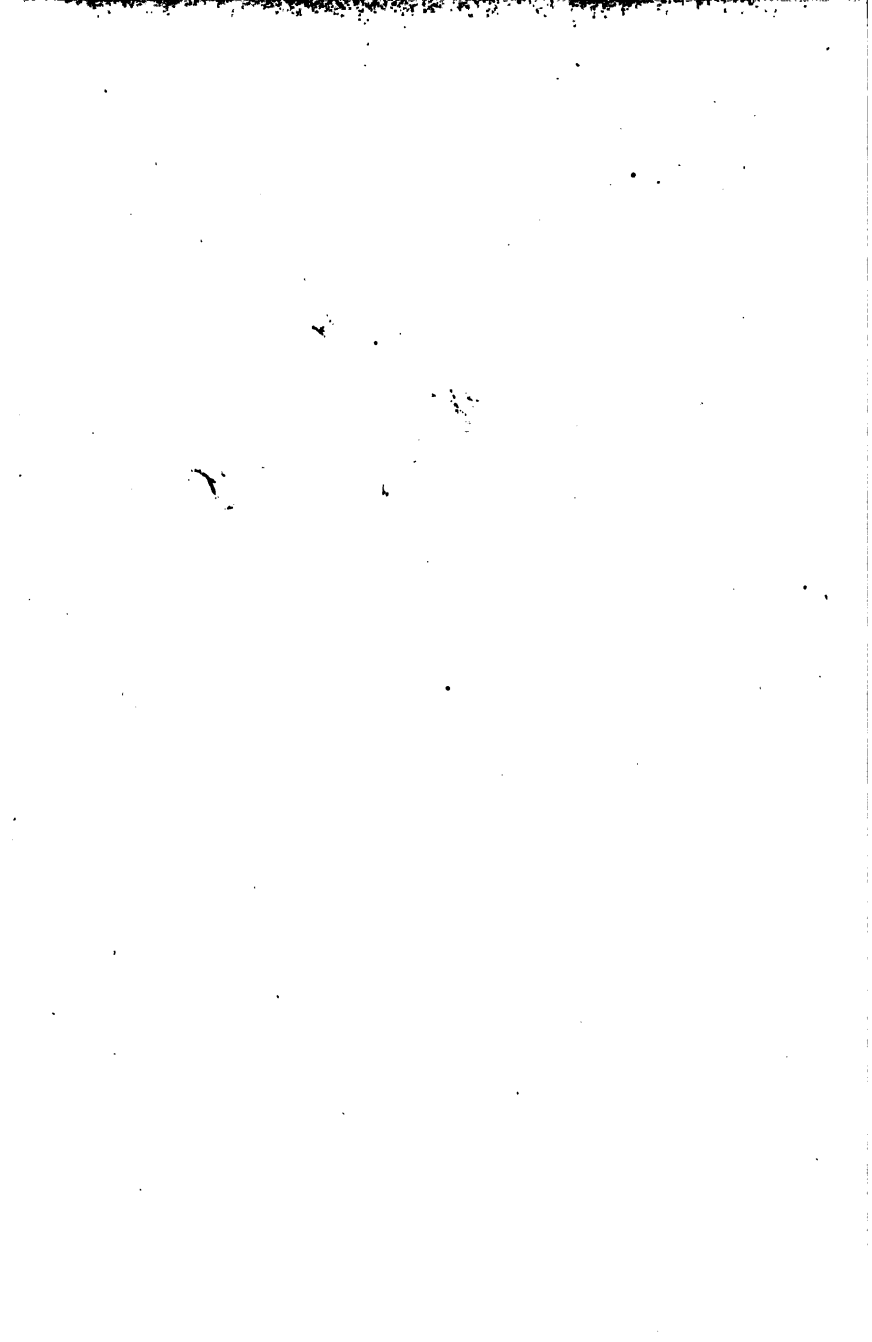
"An' him shot the place? The red fellow?"

"Was the Red Poocher, av course, who was after sthrippin' Bullock's Glenveigh shootin' as bare as a bald head just afore Bullock come on it."

"An' then what happened to you, Tómas?"

"I walked,—an' I'm here now."

THE END.



This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

W. E. N. E. R.
BOOK SIDE : R
NOV 10 1984
1-326508
1984

22436.58.9

The humours of Donegal /

Widener Library

003319876



3 2044 086 833 134